TOLEDO BLADE

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Poetry.

For the Blade.

CRUEL WORDS.

Lovhar hearts, know ye the anguish
Cruel words can lay in store?
Know ye not they're pointed barb-like,
Rankling to the heart's deep core?

Stirring bitter, angry feelings,
Where but tenderest love should dwell,
Laying waste the heart's full trusting;
Blighting hopes, and homes as well.

Cruel words will chill and sunder
Fondest hearts that ever beat;
Turning into ice love's fountain,
Which should flow with genial heat.

Choking every warm emotion,
Turning sweetness into gall;
Leaving only saddest memories,
For the grieved heart to recall.

Unkind, cruel words, watch ever,
Lest they thoughtlessly may slip
From the tongue, in reckless moments;
"Check them ere they soil the lip."

Loving hearts, Oh! never—never
Let the keen unworthy jest,
Taunting word, or sharp rejoinder,
Make the future all unblest.

Make the lives that else were gladsome,
Into a mocking, desert waste;
Where was once love's sweet evangels,
Cold indifference hence is traced.

Love is holy, born of brighter,
Midst misfortune, grief, and pain,
But its flame will pale and languish
Ne'er to gild your lives again.

If sharp, cruel words, like adders
Pierce the warm, confiding breast;
Palsying love, the tenderest, purest;
Robbing life of what most blest.

Cruel words are ever spoken,
Thoughtless of the days to come,
When, alas! loss and grief ng,
"Earth has but for one a home."

Keep ye "watch and ward" unceasing,
That the tongue may not destroy,
In these careless, reckless moments,
All that makes life's calefest joy.

Plant ye under memories only,
As the years are rolling by,
That no bitter self upbraiding
Writes the heart when dear ones die.

Our Story Teller.

RISEN FROM THE GRAVE;

—OR—

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A Startling Story of the Franco-Prussian War.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MAN APPEARS.

After an interval of rest Mercy was aroused by the shutting of a glass door at the far end of the conservatory. This door, leading into the garden, was used only by the inmates of the house, or by old friends privileged to enter the reception-rooms by that way. Assuming that either Horace or Lady Janet was returning to the dining-room, Mercy raised herself a little on the sofa and listened. The voice of one of the men-servants caught her ear. It was answered by another voice, which immediately set her trembling in every limb.

She started up, and listened again in speechless terror. Yes! there was no mistaking it. The voice that was answering the servant was the unforgotten voice which she had heard at the Refuge. The visitor who had come in by the glass door was—Julian Gray! His rapid footsteps advanced nearer and nearer to the dining-room. She recovered herself sufficiently to hurry into the library door. Her hand shook so that she failed at first to open it. She had just succeeded when she heard him again—speaking to her.

"Pray don't run away! I am nothing very formidable. Only Lady Janet's nephew—Julian Gray."

She turned slowly, spell-bound by his voice, and confronted him in silence. He was standing, hat in hand, at the entrance to the conservatory, dressed in black, and wearing a white cravat, but with a studious avoidance of any thing else clerical in the make and form of his clothes. Young as he was, there were marks of care already on his face, and the hair was prematurely thin and scanty over his forehead. His slight active figure was of no more than the middle height. His complexion was pale. The lower part of his face, without beard or whiskers, was in no way remarkable. An average observer would have passed him by without notice—but for his eyes. These alone made a marked man of him. The unusual size of the orbits in which they were set was enough of itself to attract attention; it gave a grandeur to his head, broad and firm as it was, that it did not possess. As to the eyes themselves, the soft lustrous brightness of them defied analysis. No two people could agree about their color; divided opinion declaring alternately that they were dark, gray, or black. Painters had tried to reproduce them, and had given up the effort, in despair of setting any one expression in the bewildering variety of expressions which they presented to view. They were eyes that could charm at one moment and terrify at another; eyes that could set people laughing or crying almost at will. In action and in repose they were irresistible alike. When they first descried Mercy running to the door, they brightened gayly with the merriment of a child. When she turned and faced him, they changed instantly, softening and glowing as they mutely owned the interest and the admiration which the first sight of her had roused in him. His tone and manner altered at the same time. He addressed her with the deepest respect when he spoke his next words.

"Let me entreat you to favor me by resuming your seat," he said. "And let me ask your pardon if I have thoughtlessly intruded on you."

He paused, waiting for her reply, before he advanced into the room. Still spell-bound by the voice, she recovered self-control enough to bow to him and to resume her place on the sofa. It was impossible to leave him now. After looking at her for a moment, he entered the room without speaking to her again. She was beginning to perplex as well as to interest him. "No common sorrow," he thought, "has set its mark on that woman's face; no common heart beats in that woman's breast. Who can she be?" Mercy rallied her courage, and forced herself to speak to him.

"Lady Janet is in the library, I believe," she said, timidly. "Shall I tell her you are here?"

"Don't disturb Lady Janet, and don't disturb yourself." With that answer he approached the luncheon-table, deliberately giving her time to feel more at her ease. He took up what Horace had left of the bottle of claret, and poured it into a glass.

"My aunt's claret shall represent my aunt for the present," he said, smiling, as he turned toward her once more. "I have had a long walk, and I may venture to help myself in this house without invitation. Is it useless to offer you any thing?"

Mercy made the necessary reply. She was beginning already, after her remarkable experience of him, to wonder at his easy manners and his light way of talking. He emptied his glass with the air of a man who thoroughly understood and enjoyed good wine. "My aunt's cellar is worthy of my aunt," he said, with comic gravity, as he set down the glass. "Both are the genuine product of Nature." He seated himself at the table, and looked critically at the different dishes left on it. One dish especially attracted his attention. "What is this?" he went on. "A French pie! It seems grossly unfair to taste French wine, and to pass over French pie without notice." He took up a knife and fork, and enjoyed the pie as critically as he had enjoyed the wine. "Worthy of the Great Nation!" he exclaimed, with enthusiasm. "*Vive la France!*"

Mercy listened and looked, in inexpressible astonishment. He was utterly unlike the picture which her fancy had drawn of him in every-day life. Take off his white cravat, and nobody would have discovered that this famous preacher was a clergyman! He helped himself to another plateful of the pie, and spoke more directly to Mercy, alternately eating and talking as composedly and pleasantly as if they had known each other for years.

"I came here by way of Kensington Gardens," he said. "For some time past I have been living in a flat, ugly, barren, agricultural district. You can't think how pleasant I found the picture presented by the Gardens, as a contrast. The ladies in their rich winter dresses, the smart nursery-maids, the lovely children, the ever-moving crowd skating on the ice of the Round Pond; it was all so exhilarating after what I have been used to, that I actually caught myself whistling as I walked through the brilliant scene! (In my time boys used always to whistle when they were in good spirits, and I have not got over the habit yet). Who do you think I met when I was in full song?"

As well as her amazement would let her, Mercy excused herself from guessing. She had never in all her life before spoken to any living being so confusedly and so unintelligently as she now spoke to Julian Gray.

He went on more gayly than ever, without appearing to notice the effect that he had produced on her.

"Whom did I meet?" he repeated, "when I was in full song? My bishop! If I had been whistling a sacred melody, his lordship might perhaps have excused my vulgarity out of consideration for my music. Unfortunately, the composition I was executing at the moment (I am one of the loudest of living whistlers) was by Verdi—*La Donnao Mobile*"—familiar, no doubt, to his lordship on the street organs. He recognized the tune, poor man, and when I took off my hat to him he looked the other way. Strange, in a world that is bursting with sin and sorrow, to treat such a trifle seriously as a cheerful clergyman whistling a tune!" He pushed away his plate as he said the last words, and went on simply and earnestly in an altered tone. "I have never been able," he said, "to see why we should assert ourselves among other men as belonging to a particular caste, and as being forbidden, in a harmless thing, to do as other people do. The disciples of old set us no such example: they were wiser and better than we are. I venture to say that one of the worst obstacles in the way of our doing good among our fellow-creatures is raised by the mere assumption of the clerical manner and the clerical voice. For my part, I set up no claim to be more sacred and more reverend than any other Christian man who does what good he can." He glanced brightly at Mercy, looking at him in helpless perplexity. The spirit of fun took possession of him again. "Are you a Radical?" he asked, with a humorous twinkle in his large lustrous eye. "I am!"

Mercy tried hard to understand him, but tried in vain. Could this be the preacher whose words had charmed, purified, and ennobled her? Was this the man whose sermon had drawn tears from women about her whom she knew to be shameless and hardened in crime? Yes! The eyes that now rested on her humorously were the beautiful eyes which had once looked into her soul. The voice that had just addressed a jesting question to her was the deep and mellow voice which had once thrilled her to the heart. In the pulpit he was an angel of mercy; out of the pulpit he was a boy let loose from school.

"Don't let me startle you," he said, good-naturedly, noticing her confusion. "Public opinion has called me by harder names than the name of 'Radical' I have been spending my time lately—as it just now told you—in an agricultural district. My business there was to perform the duty for the rector of the place, who wanted a holiday. How do you think the experiment has ended? The Squire of the parish calls me a Communist; the farmers denounce me as an Incendiary; my friend the rector has been recalled in a hurry, and I have now the honor of speaking to you in the character of a banished man who has made a respectable neighborhood too hot to hold him." With that frank avowal he left the luncheon-table, and took a chair near Mercy.

"You will naturally be anxious," he went on, "to know what my offense was. Do you understand Political Economy and the Laws of Supply and Demand?"

Mercy owned that she did *not* understand them. "No more do I—in a Christian country," he said. "That was my offense. You shall hear my confession (just as my aunt will hear it) in two words." He paused for a little time; his variable manner changed again. Mercy, shyly looking at him, saw a new expression in his eyes—an expression which recalled her first remembrance of him as nothing had recalled it yet. "I had no idea," he resumed, "of what the life of a farm-laborer really was, in some parts of England, until I undertook the rector's duties. Never before had I seen such dire wretchedness as I met with on the cottages. Never before had I met with such noble patience under suffering as I found among the people. The martyrs of old could endure, and die. I asked myself if they could endure, and *live*, like the martyrs I saw around me?—live, week after week, month after month, year after year, on the brink of starvation; live, and see their plaing children growing up round them, to work and want in their turn; live, with the poor man's parish-prison to look to as the end, when hunger and labor have done their worst! Was God's beautiful earth made to hold such misery as this? I can hardly think of it, I can hardly speak of it even now, with dry eyes!"

His head sunk on his breast. He waited—mastering his emotion before he spoke again. Now, at last, she knew him once more. Now, he was the man, indeed, whom she had expected to see. Unconsciously she sat listening, with her eyes fixed on his face, with her heart hanging on his words, in the very attitude she had gone day when she had heard him for the first time!

"I did all I could to plead for the helpless ones," he resumed. "I went round among the holders of the land to say a word for the tillers of the land. 'These patient people don't want much,' I said: 'in the name of Christ, give them enough to live on!' Political Economy sneered at the horrid proposal: the Laws of Supply and Demand veiled their majestic faces in dismay. Starvation wages were the right wages, I was told. And why? Because the laborer was obliged to accept them! I determined, so far as one man could do it, that the laborer should *not* be obliged to accept them. I collected my own resources—I wrote to my friends—and I removed some of the poor fellows to parts of England where the work was better paid. Such was the conduct which made the neighborhood too hot to hold me. So let it be! I mean to go on. I am known in London; I can raise subscriptions. The vile Laws of Supply and Demand shall find labor scarce in that agricultural district; and pitiless Political Economy shall spend a few shillings on the poor, as certainly as I am a Radical, Communist, and Incendiary—Julian Gray!" He rose—making a little gesture of apology for the warmth with which he had spoken—and took a turn in the room. Fired by his enthusiasm, Mercy followed him. Her purse was in her hand, when he turned and faced her.

"Pray let me offer my little tribute—such as it is!" she said, eagerly.

A momentary flush spread over his pale cheeks as he looked at the beautiful compassionate face pleading with him.

"No! no!" he said, smiling; "though I am a parson, I don't carry the begging-box every where." Mercy attempted to press the purse on him. The quaint humor began to twinkle again in his eyes as he abruptly drew back from it. "Don't tempt me!" he said. "The frailest of all human creatures is a clergyman tempted by a subscription." Mercy persisted, and conquered; she made him prove the truth of his own profound observation of clerical human nature by taking a piece of money from the purse. "Thank you for setting the good example! What name shall I put down on my list?"

Mercy's eyes looked confusedly away from him. "No name," she said, in a low voice. "My subscription is anonymous."

As she replied, the library door opened. To her infinite relief—to Julian's secret disappointment—Lady Janet Roy and Horace Holmcroft entered the room.

"Julian!" exclaimed Lady Janet, holding up her hands in astonishment. He kissed his aunt on the cheek. "Your ladyship is looking charmingly." He gave his hand to Horace. Horace took it and passed on to Mercy. They walked away together slowly to the other end of the room. Julian seized on the chance which left him free to speak privately to his aunt.

"I came in through the conservatory," he said. "And I found that young lady in the room. Who is she?"

"Are you very much interested in her?" asked Lady Janet, in her gravely ironical way. Julian answered in one expressive word. "Indescribably!" Lady Janet called to Mercy to join her.

"My dear," she said, "let me formally present my nephew to you. Julian, this is Miss Grace Roseberry—" She suddenly checked herself. The instant she pronounced the name, Julian started as if it was a surprise to him. "What is it?" she asked, sharply.

"Nothing," he answered, bowing to Mercy, with a marked absence of his former ease of manner. She returned the courtesy a little constrainedly on her side. She, too, had seen him start when Lady Janet mentioned the name by which she was known. The start meant something. What could it be? Why did he turn aside, after bowing to her, and address himself to Horace, with an absent look in his face, as if his thoughts were far away from his words? A complete change had come over him; and it dated from the moment when his aunt had pronounced the name that was not *her* name—the name that she had stolen!

Lady Janet claimed Julian's attention, and left Horace free to return to Mercy. "Your room is ready for you," she said. "You will stay here, of course?" Julian accepted the invitation—still with the air of a man whose mind was preoccupied. Instead of looking at his aunt when he made his reply, he looked round at Mercy with a troubled curiosity in his face, very strange to see. Lady Janet tapped him impatiently on the shoulder. "I expect people to look at me when people speak to me," she said. "What are you staring at my adopted daughter for?"

"Your adopted daughter?" Julian repeated—looking at his aunt this time, and looking very earnestly.

"Certainly! As Colonel Roseberry's daughter, she is connected with me by marriage already. Did you think I had picked up a foundling?"

Julian's face cleared; he looked relieved. "I had forgotten the Colonel," he answered. "Of course the young lady is related to us, as you say."

"Charmed, I am sure, to have satisfied you that Grace is not an impostor," said Lady Janet, with satirical humility. She took Julian's arm and drew him out of hearing of Horace and Mercy. "About that letter of yours," she proceeded. "There is one line in it that rouses my curiosity. Who is the mysterious lady whom you wish to present to me?" Julian started, and changed color.

"I can't tell you now," he said, in a whisper.

"Why not?"

To Lady Janet's unutterable astonishment, instead of replying, Julian looked round at her adopted daughter once more.

"What has *she* got to do with it?" asked the old lady, out of patience with him.

"It is impossible for me to tell you," he answered, gravely, "while Miss Roseberry is in the room."

CHAPTER IX.

NEWS FROM MANNHEIM.

Lady Janet's curiosity was by this time thoroughly aroused. Summoned to explain who the nameless lady mentioned in his letter could possibly be, Julian had looked at her adopted daughter. Asked next to explain what her adopted aughter had to do with it, he had declared that he could not answer while Miss Roseberry was in the room. What did he mean? Lady Janet determined to find out.

"I hate all mysteries," she said to Julian. "And as for secrets, I consider them to be one of the forms of illbreeding. People in our rank in life ought to be above whispering in corners. If you *must* have your mystery, I can offer you a corner in the library. Come with me."

Julian followed his aunt very reluctantly. Whatever the mystery might be, he was plainly embarrassed by being called upon to reveal it at a moment's notice. Lady Janet settled herself in her chair, prepared to question and cross-question her nephew, when an obstacle appeared at the other end of the library, in the shape of a manservant with a message. One of Lady Janet's neighbors had called by appointment to take her to the meeting of a certain committee which assembled that day. The servant announced that the neighbor—an elderly lady—was then waiting in her carriage at the door.

Lady Janet's ready invention set the obstacle aside without a moment's delay. She directed the servant to show her visitor into the drawing-room, and to say that she was unexpectedly engaged, but that Miss Roseberry would see the lady immediately. She then turned to Julian, and said, with her most satirical emphasis of tone and manner, "Would it be an additional convenience if Miss Roseberry was not only out of the room before you disclose your secret, but out of the house?" Julian gravely answered, "It may possibly be quite as well if Miss Roseberry is out of the house." Lady Janet led the way back to the dining-room.

"My dear Grace," she said, "you looked flushed and feverish when I saw you asleep on the sofa a little while since. It will do you no harm to have a drive in the fresh air. Our friend has called to take me to the committee meeting. I have sent to tell her that I am engaged—I shall be much obliged if you will go in my place."

Mercy looked a little alarmed. "Does your ladyship mean the committee meeting of the Samaritan Convalescent Home? The members, as I understand it, are to decide to day which of the plans for the new building they are to adopt. I can not surely presume to vote in your place?"

"You can vote, my dear child, just as well as I can," replied the old lady. "Architecture is one of the lost arts. You know nothing about it; I know nothing about it; the architects themselves know nothing about it. One plan is no doubt just as bad as the other. Vote, as I should vote, with the majority. Or, as poor dear Dr Johnson said, 'Shout with the loudest mob.' Away with you—and don't keep the committee waiting." Horace hastened to open the door for Mercy.

"How long shall you be away?" he whispered, confidentially. "I had a thousand things to say to you, but they have interrupted us."

"I shall be back in an hour."

"We shall have the room to ourselves by that time. Come here when you return. You will find me waiting for you."

Mercy pressed his hand significantly and went out. Lady Janet turned to Julian, who had thus far remained in the background, still, to all appearance, as unwilling as ever to enlighten his aunt.

"Well," she said. "What is tying your tongue now? Grace is out of the room; why don't you begin? Is Horace in the way?"

"Not in the least. I am only a little uneasy—"

"Uneasy about what?"

"I am afraid you have put that charming creature to some inconvenience in sending her away just at this time." Horace looked up suddenly, with a flush on his face.

"When you say that charming creature," he asked, sharply, "I suppose you mean Miss Roseberry?"

"Certainly," answered Julian. "Why not?"

Lady Janet interposed. "Gently, Julian," she said. "Grace has only been introduced to you hitherto in the character of my adopted daughter—"

"And it seems to be high time," Horace added, haughtily, "that I should present her next in the character of my engaged wife."

Julian looked at Horace as if he could hardly credit the evidence of his own ears. "Your wife!" he exclaimed, with an irrepressible outburst of disappointment and surprise.

"Yes. My wife," returned Horace. "We are to be married in a fortnight. May I ask," he added, with angry humility, "if you disapprove of the marriage?" Lady Janet interposed once more. "Nonsense, Horace," she said. "Julian congratulates you, of course."

Julian coldly and absently echoed the words. "Oh, yes, I congratulate you, of course."

Lady Janet returned to the main object of the interview.

"Now we thoroughly understand one another," she said, "let us speak of a lady who has dropped out of the conversation for the last minute or two. I mean, Julian, the mysterious lady of your letter. We are alone, and you desired, like the veil, my reverend nephew, which hides her from mortal eyes! Blush, if you like—and can. Is she the future Mrs. Julian Gray?"

"She is a perfect stranger to me," Julian answered, quietly.

"A perfect stranger! You use the word you were interested in her."

"I *am* interested in her. And, what is more, you are interested in her too."

Lady Janet's fingers drummed impatiently on the table. "Have I not warned you, Julian, that I hate mysteries? Will you, or will you not, explain yourself?"

Before it was possible to answer, Horace rose from his chair. "Pardon me, I am in the way," he said. Julian waved to him to sit down again.

"I have already told Lady Janet that you are not in the way," he answered. "I now tell *you*—as Miss Roseberry's future husband—that you too have an interest in hearing what I have to say."

Horace resumed his seat with an air of suspicious surprise. Julian addressed himself to Lady Janet.

"You have often heard me speak," he began, "of my old friend and schoolfellow, John Cressingham?"

"Yes. The English consul at Mannheim?"

"The same. When I returned to the country I found among my other letters a long letter from the consul. I have brought it with me, and I propose to read certain passages from it, which tell very strange story more plainly and more credibly than I can tell it in my own words."

"Will it be very long?" inquired Lady Janet, looking with some alarm at the closely written sheets of paper which her nephew spread open before him.

Horace followed with a question at his side.

"You are sure I am interested in it?" he asked.

"The consul at Manheim is a stranger to me."

"I'll answer for it," replied Julian, gravely, "neither my aunt's peace nor yours. Horace, will be throwing off if you will favor me by listening attentively to what I am about to read."

With those words he began the first extract from the consul's letter:

* * * "My memory is a bad one for dates. But full three months must have passed since information was given to me of an English patient, received at the hospital here, whose case, as English consul, might feel an interest in investigating.

"I went the same day to the hospital, and was taken to the bedside.

"The patient was a woman—young, and (when in health), I should think, very pretty. When I first saw her she looked, to my uninstructed eye, like a dead woman. I noticed that her head had a bandage over it, and I asked what was the nature of the injury that she had received. The answer informed me that the poor creature had been present, nobody knew why or wherefore, at a skirmish or night attack between the Germans and the French, and that the injury to her head had been inflicted by a fragment of a German shell."

Horace—thus far leaning back carelessly in his chair—suddenly raised himself and exclaimed, "Good heavens! can this be the woman I saw laid out for dead in the French cottage?"

"It is impossible for me to say," replied Julian. "Listen to the rest of it. The consul's letter may answer your question." He went on with his reading:

"The wounded woman had been reported dead, and had been left by the French in their retreat, at the time when the German forces took possession of the enemy's position. She was found on a bed in a cottage by the director of the German ambulance—"

"Ignatius Weitzel?" cried Horace.

"Ignatius Weitzel," repeated Julian, looking at the letter.

"It is the same!" said Horace. "Lady Janet, you are really interested in this. You remember my telling you how I first met Grace? And you have heard more about it since, no doubt, from Grace herself?"

"She has a horror of referring to that part of her journey home," replied Lady Janet. "She mentioned her having stopped on the frontier, and her finding herself accidentally in the company of another Englishwoman, a perfect stranger to her. I naturally asked questions on my side, and was shocked to hear that she had seen the woman killed by a German shell almost close at her side. Neither she nor I have had any relish for returning to the subject since. You were quite right, Julian, to avoid speaking of it while she was in the room. I understand it all now. Grace, I suppose, mentioned my name to her fellow-traveler. The woman is, no doubt, in want of assistance, and she applies to me through you. I will help her; but she must not come here until I have prepared Grace for seeing her again, a living woman. For the present there is no reason why they should meet."

"I am not sure about that," said Julian, in low tones, without looking up at his aunt.

"What do you mean? Is the mystery not at an end yet?"

"The mystery has not even begun yet. Let my friend the consul proceed." Julian returned for the second time to his extract from the letter.

"'After a careful examination of the supposed corpse, the German surgeon arrived at the conclusion that a case of suspended animation had (in the hurry of the French retreat) been mistaken for a case of death. Feeling a professional interest in the subject, he decided on putting his opinion to the test. He operated on the patient with complete success. After performing the operation he kept her for some days under his own care, and then transferred her to the nearest hospital—the hospital of Mannheim. He was obliged to return to his duties as army surgeon, and he left his patient in the condition in which I saw her, insensible on the bed. Neither he nor the hospital authorities knew any thing whatever about the woman. No papers were found on her. All the doctors could do, when I asked them for information with a view to communicating with her friends, was to show me her linen marked with her name. I left the hospital after taking down the name in my pocket-book. It was 'Mercy Merrick.'"

Lady Janet produced *her* pocket-book. "Let me take the name down too," she said. "I never heard it before, and I might otherwise forget it. Go on, Julian." Julian advanced to his second extract from the consul's letter:

"'Under the circumstances, I could only wait to hear from the hospital when the patient was sufficiently recovered to be able to speak to me. Some weeks passed without my receiving any communication from the doctors. On calling to make inquiries I was informed that fever had set in, and that the poor creature's condition now alternated between exhaustion and delirium. In her delirious moments the name of your aunt, Lady Janet Roy, frequently escaped her. Otherwise her wanderings were for the most part quite unintelligible to the people at her bedside. I thought once or twice of writing to you, and of begging you to speak to Lady Janet. But as the doctors informed me that the chances of life or death were at this time almost equally balanced, I decided to wait until time should determine whether it was necessary to trouble you or not.'"

"You know best, Julian," said Lady Janet. "But I own I don't quite see in what way I am interested in this part of the story."

"Just what I was going to say," added Horace. "It is very sad, no doubt. But what have *we* to do with it?"

"Let me read the third extract," Julian answered, "and you will see." He turned to the third extract, and read as follows:

"'At last I received a message from the hospital informing me that Mercy Merrick was out of danger, and that she was capable (though still very weak) of answering any questions which I might think it desirable to put to her. On reaching the hospital I was requested, rather to my surprise, to pay my first visit to the head physician in his private room. I think it right," said this gentleman, "to warn you, before you see the patient, to be very careful how you speak to her, and not to irritate her by showing any surprise or expressing any doubts if she talks to you in an extravagant manner. We differ in opinion about her here. Some of us (myself among the number) doubt whether the recovery of her mind has accompanied the recovery of her bodily powers. Without pronouncing her to be mad—she is perfectly gentle and harmless—we are nevertheless of opinion that she is suffering under a species of insane delusion. Bear in mind the caution which I have given you—and now go and judge for yourself." I obeyed, in some little perplexity and surprise. The sufferer, when I approached her bed, looked sadly weak and worn; but, so far as I could judge, seemed to be in full possession of herself. Her tone and manner were unquestionably the tone and manner of a lady. After briefly introducing myself, I assured her that I should be glad, both officially and personally, if I could be of any assistance to her. In saying these trifling words I happened to address her by the name I had seen marked on her clothes. The instant the words "Miss Merrick" passed my lips a wild, vindictive expression appeared in her eyes. She exclaimed, angrily, "Don't call me by that hateful name! It is not my name! All the people here persecute me by calling me Mercy Merrick. And when I am angry with them they [illegible] me the clothes. Say what I may, [illegible] in believing they can get rid of me so. [illegible] If you [illegible] to sympathize with me." Remembering what the physician had said to me, I made the necessary excuses, and succeeded in soothing her. Without revealing to the irritating topic of the name, I merely inquired what her plans were, and assured her that she might command my services if she required them. 'Why do you want to know what my plans are?' she asked, suspiciously. I reminded her, in reply, that I held the position of English consul, and that my object was, if possible, to be of some assistance to her, 'You can be of the greatest assistance to me,' she said, eagerly. 'Find Mercy Merrick!' A new and vindictive look came back into her eyes, and an angry flush rising on her white cheeks. Abstaining from showing any surprise, I asked her who Mercy Merrick was. 'A vile woman, by her own confession,' was the quick reply. "How am I to find her?" I inquired next. 'Look for a woman in a black dress, with the Red Geneva Cross on her shoulder,' she said in a nurse in the French ambulance.' "What has she done?" 'I have lost my papers; I have lost my own clothes; Mercy Merrick has taken them.' "How do you know that Mercy Merrick has taken them?" 'Nobody else could have taken them—that's how I know it. Do you believe me or not?' She was beginning to excite herself again; I assured her that I would at once send to make inquiries after Mercy Merrick. She turned round contented on her pillow. 'There's a good man!' she said. 'Come back and tell me when you have caught her.' Such was my first interview with the English patient at the hospital at Mannheim. It is needless to say that I doubted the existence of the absent person described as a nurse. However, it was possible to make inquiries by applying to the surgeon, Ignatius Weizel, whose whereabouts was known to his friends in Mannheim. I wrote to him, and received his answer in due time. After the fight attack of the Germans had made them masters of the French position, he had entered the cottage occupied by the French ambulances. He had found the wounded Frenchmen left behind, but had seen no such person in attendance on them as the nurse in the black dress with the Red Cross on her shoulder. The only living woman in the place was a young English lady, in a gray traveling cloak, who had been stopped on the frontier, and who was forwarded on her way home by the war correspondent of an English journal.'"

"That was Grace," said Lady Janet. "And I was the war correspondent," added Horace.

"A few words more," said Julian, "and you will understand my object in claiming your attention." He returned to the letter for the last time, and concluded as follows:

"'Instead of attending at the hospital myself, I communicated by letter the failure of my attempt to discover the missing nurse. For some little time afterward I heard no more of the sick woman whom I shall still call Mercy Merrick. It was only yesterday that I received another summons to visit the patient. She had by this time sufficiently recovered to claim her discharge, and she had announced her intention of returning forthwith to England. The head physician, feeling a sense of responsibility, had sent for me. It was impossible to detain her, on the ground that she was not fit to be trusted by herself at large, in consequence of the difference of opinion among the doctors on the case. All that could be done was to give me due notice, and to leave the matter in my hands. On seeing her for the second time, I found her sullen and reserved. She openly attributed my inability to find the nurse to want of zeal for her interests on my part. I had, on my side, no authority what ever to detain her. I could only inquire whether she had money enough to pay her traveling expenses. Her reply informed me that the chaplain of the hospital had mentioned her forlorn situation in the town, and that the English residents had subscribed a small sum of money to enable her to return to her own country. Satisfied on this head, I asked next if she had friends to go to in England. 'I have one friend,' she answered, 'who is a host in herself—Lady Janet Roy.' You may imagine my surprise when I heard this. I found it quite useless to make any further inquiries as to how she came to know your aunt, whether your aunt expected her, and so on. My questions evidently offended her; they were received in sulky silence. Under these circumstances, well-knowing that I can trust implicitly to your humane sympathy for misfortune, I have decided (after careful reflection) to insure the poor creature's safety when she arrives in London by giving her a letter to you. You will hear what she says, and you will be better able to discover than I am whether she really has any claim on Lady Janet Roy. One last word of information, which it may be necessary to add, and I shall close this inordinately long letter. At my first interview with her, I abstained, as I have already told you, from irritating her by any inquiries on the subject of her name. On this second occasion, however, I decided on putting the question.'"

As he read those last words, Julian became aware of a sudden movement on the part of his aunt. Lady Janet had risen softly from her chair and had passed behind him, with the purpose of reading the consul's letter for herself over her nephew's shoulder. Julian detected the action just in time to frustrate Lady Janet's intention by placing his hand over the last two lines of the letter.

"What do you do that for?" inquired his aunt, sharply.

"You are welcome, Lady Janet, to read the close of the letter for yourself," Julian replied. "But before you do so, I am anxious to prepare you for a very great surprise. Compose yourself, and let me read on slowly, with your eye on me, until I uncover the last two words which close my friend's letter."

He read the end of the letter, as he had proposed, in these terms:

"'I looked the woman straight in the face, and I said to her, "You have denied that the name marked on the clothes which you wore when you came here was your name. If you are not Mercy Merrick, who are you?" She answered, instantly, "My name is—" '"

Julian removed his hand from the page. Lady Janet looked at the next two words, and started back with a loud cry of astonishment, which brought Horace instantly to his feet. "Tell me, one of you!" he cried, "What name did she give?"

Julian told him: "GRACE ROSEBERRY."

TO BE CONTINUED.

BISMARCK AS AN ORATOR.

The Great Chancellor Making a Speech in Reichstag.

The following pen-and-ink sketch of the German Chancellor delivering his great speech in the Reichstag on the customs tariff, is from the Berlin *Tagblatt*:

"Hush! Bismarck is speaking!" With these words you are ushered into the Reichstag. And it is so. Before even hearing a word you can tell by the aspect of the Chamber that it is the Chancellor who is speaking. With their bodies stretched out and ears wide open, everybody leans forward to listen. The pencils of the short-hand writers fly over the paper with the rapidity of lightning, and you hold your breath involuntarily lest you may hear better. From below is heard a feeble voice—one of those voices which by its nervous tones suggests excess of intellectual work. The words comes by jerks, each sentence being laboriously formed. The orator is sometimes hurried, sometimes hesitating in his speech. He recalls each sentence, twists it, and turns it about until he has eliminated all the points which an adversary might attack. It is then only that he abandons it to the House. In listening to him you experienced strong excitement, for while the strong man continues his speech you are momentarily feeling that he will suddenly stop short in the middle of his discourse. Not that ideas are likely to be wanting, but one fears lest the weakly voice which longs so laboriously for the Chancellor's robust frame, may fail in the midst of a peroration without the possibility in the hurry of picking up the broken threads. The Chancellor himself looks ill at ease, while speaking, his thin white hands fidgeting now with one, now with another of the buttons of his modest dark blue cuirassier's uniform. Then they catch feverishly at the long pencils so much talked about; seek refuge on the table; and at last rest on the glass of water which stands on the tribune. You might fancy that it was only this resting place that was wanting, for presently his speech grows firmer, more severe; words flow from his lips with greater clearness; his thick eyebrows are lowered still more upon the gray eyes which seem to penetrate the ranks of the Deputies. It is now evident that the orator is approaching the end of his speech; the sentences become shorter and more vigorious. And then the Chancellor draws himself up to his full height; the voice, so weak at first, gains a clear, hard ring and he throws his last sentence like a bomb into the midst of the chamber, resuming his seat amid the loud applause of his friends."

BOUND TO MARRY.

A Girl Who Couldn't Get a Coachman Takes a Gypsy.

A band of Gypsies have lived in Brander Hollow the past winter, occupying an old schoolhouse which stands near a new one recently built. The youngest of the young men, who is 24 years of age, has been a frequent visitor of the home of David Reed who lives in that vicinity. The object of his visits was to see a young girl 12 years old, whom he was free to say he desired to marry. He was told by the parents of the girl that he could not marry her, and was given to understand that he was not a welcome visitor. In answer to this he made some threats, saying that if the parents interfered he would put some bloody bullets through them. The girl was sent to school, but notwithstanding the teacher's and parent's remonstrance, considerable of her time was spent with the gypsies. They finally succeeded in their endeavors to entice her away. On Thursday, April 24, the young man with the girl left the hollow. The rest of the gypsies did not leave until Monday, the 28th. They claim to be innocent in the matter, though they admit that they furnished a team for the couple to drive, some food for them to eat, and fixed the girl's clothing before they left. A search was commenced by Mr. Reed as soon as he discovered the fact of his daughter's elopement. He found that they had gone in the direction of Norwich. Justice A. C. Stanton issued a warrant last Friday for the arrest of the young man. Officer Allen was sent as far as Norwich, but failed in finding the couple. The old folks, he learned, were near Mt. Upton. The whole company will be united, probably, within a few days. Mr. Reed is anxious to get back his daughter, but he is so extremely poor that he will not succeed unless the people take the matter in hand.

Bicycling.

Buffalo Commercial.

There is something very fascinating about the regular first-class bicycle as it rolls along so swiftly, silently and easily. The rider, perched over the high wheel, appears to use no more effort than in walking at a gentle pace, and yet he covers the ground at a famous rate. In fact at long distances a bicycle-rider can outstrip horse or man with the greatest ease, and it is probable that in a short time he can beat the swiftest trotting-horse in a single mile heat. Two hundred and ten miles have been ridden on a bicycle in 16½ hours without a dismount; the best record for a single mile is 2.43, and the greatest distance made in an hour is 18 miles 487 yards.

Most of us pass our lives in regretting the past, complaining of the present and indulging false hopes of the future, when it would be vastly better to cut a pole dig some bait and go fishing. —*Oil City Derrick.*

A FLOWER FOR THE DEAD.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

You placed this flower in her hand, you say!
This pure, pale rose in her hand of clay!
Methinks could she lift her veiled eyes
They would meet your own with a grieved surprise.

She has been your wife for many a year,
When clouds hung low and when skies were clear;
At your feet she laid her life's glad spring,
And her summer's glorious blossoming.

Her whole heart went with the hand you won;
If its warm love waned as the years went on,
If it chilled in the grasp of an icy spell,
What was the reason? I pray you tell.

You can not? I can; and beside her bier
My soul must speak and your soul must hear—
It she was not all that she might have been,
Hers was the sorrow, yours the sin.

Whose was the fault if she did not grow
Like a rose in the Summer? Do you know?
Does a lily grow when its leaves are chilled?
Does it bloom when its root is winter killed?

For a little while when you first were wed,
Your love was like sunshine round her shed;
Then a something crept between you two,
You led where she could not follow you.

With a man's firm tread you went and came:
You lived for wealth, for power, for fame;
Shut into her woman's work and ways,
She heard the nation chant your praise.

But ah! you had dropped her hand the while;
What time had you for a kiss, a smile?
Yes two, with the same roof overhead,
Were as far apart as the sundered dead.

You in your manhood's strength and prime;
She worn and faded before her time.
'Tis a common story. This rose, you say,
You laid in her pallid hand to-day?

When did you give her a flower before?
Ah, well! What matter when all is over?
Yet stay a moment; you'll wed again.
I mean no reproach; 'tis the way of men.

But I pray you, think, when some fairer face
Shines like a star from her wonted place,
That love will starve if it's not fed:
That true hearts pray for their daily bread.

—*Sunday Afternoon.*

TELEGRAPH IN AFRICA.

Comparison of the Expense Involved in the Two Projects.

New York Times.

One of the results of the war in South Africa will be to hasten the work upon the line of telegraph which is to connect Natal with the telegraph system of Upper Egypt, or with the cable line at Aden. At present a considerable difference of opinion exists as to the relative advantages of the two projects. It is thought by some that a submarine cable from Aden to South Africa direct would be a much more certain line of communication than overland wires from Gondokoro on the White Nile, through the wilds of Central Africa. The cable would have to be not less than 3,200 miles in length, and if it was thought advisable to divide it, by having a stopping place at Zanzibar, the length would be somewhat greater. To make a telegraphic cable for this distance would require considerable time, as it is not at all likely that such an amount could be obtained ready-made. The cost of such work, including the cable itself, and the task of laying it, would not be less than $5,000,000, and to maintain it in a serviceable condition the Company would have to keep in constant employment a repair ship, at an annual outlay of $60 000. On the other hand, would traverse a distance of only 2,400 miles, and would be of service at quite a number of intermediate points. The outlay needed for such an undertaking is put at $2,500,000, which is a decided gain upon the sea route, though the expense of maintenance is an unknown quantity, depending as it does largely upon the feelings, friendly or ot

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Publishers.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, JUNE 5 1879

OUR CLUB LIST.

We have made arrangements with the publishers enabling us to send the BLADE and either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage pre-paid):

WEEKLIES.	Single Copy.	With Blade.
Christian at Work	$3 00	$4 25
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Appleton's Journal	3 00	4 25
Andrews' Bazar	1 00	50
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Demi's Monthly	3 00	4 00
Sunday Magazine	3 00	4 00
Harper's Monthly	4 0	5 00
Godey's Lady's Book	2 0	3 50
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Scribner's Magazine	4 00	5 00
Sunday Afternoon	3 00	4 00

Our agents everywhere are authorized to receive subscriptions at the above rates. In making this proposition we only stipulate that we must receive at the SAME TIME, one subscriber of THE BLADE for each copy of any other publication ordered from the list. They must not both be sent to the same person, nor sent to the same Postoffice, and in renewing their subscriptions, old as well as new subscribers may avail themselves of the offer. The magazines and papers are all sent direct from the offices of publication to subscribers, so that there will be no delay in their receipt. No subscriptions received at the above rates for less than one year.

Please remember that we CANNOT ALLOW COMMISSIONS on subscriptions for the above named papers and magazines, except for THE BLADE, as stated.

As is the invariable custom in all newspaper offices, a subscription year is reckoned as FIFTY TWO WEEKS.

EUROPEAN immigration promises to reach flood tide this Summer.

GEN. SHERMAN is to deliver an address to the graduating class at Orchard Lake, Mich.

NOW Chicago is threatened with a fever about an extension of the Wabash.

EX-GOV. BULLOCK, of Georgia, has gone into the grocery business at Elmira, N. Y.

THE season of poisoning families to death with poksroot greens has just fairly commenced in Iowa.

THE Warnerites think that their iniquity will pass the Senate in a hurry, so as to have it disposed of by a veto.

A MISSISSIPPI planter says that he will be one of a thousand to give $50 a year to send Southern negros to Massachusetts.

IF South Carolina had produced as many great men since her settlement as Ohio has in one decade, there would be some reason in her sons being proud of her.

THE 13th Brooklyn found it a very pleasant jaunt up to Montreal. Sixty years ago the American soldiers who went up that way found it quite otherwise.

COL. FORNEY is agitating the subject of raising a fund for the support of the widow and daughter of BAYARD TAYLOR, who have been left in destitute circumstances.

THE Louisville *Courier-Journal* wails over the way the Southern leaders have been drawn out and shown up to a disadvantage by the shrewd and wily veterans of the North.

MANY of our farmer friends are writing to us to know where they can get a model of the fence that has so long supported DAVID DAVIS. They must certainly have elements of strength not found in any other pattern.

CORLEY is coming home from the Hawaiian Islands to take in a fresh lot of Ohio ideas as to how a Minister of the third class can best sustain the dignity of his State and country in his official intercourse with South Sea Islanders.

CHIEF JUSTICE DRAKE, of the Court of Claims, Washington, is a staunch Presbyterian, and fiercely opposed to all theatrical performances. He has been trying to get his Church to excommunicate all its members who have gone to see "Pinafore."

KEENAN, of *The Okolona States*, alludes to one time "when roared rattle-throated rifles, and the sabres slashed and swung to the wild magnetic music of the thunder drums of war." It is worthy to remark that time neither KEENAN nor any of his relatives showed any disposition to inspect the rattle-throated rifles at short range.

THE Cincinnati *Enquirer* publishes a full schedule of Archbishop PURCELL'S liabilities and assets, occupying about a page of that paper. The following is the recapitulation:

ASSETS.

Real estate	$ 549,787 00
Notes, good	176,746 24
Notes, doubtful	241,741 04
Notes, worthless	15,497 19
Cemetery	5,748 61
Stocks, bonds, etc.	45,874 69
Ground rent due	672 10
Moneys, etc.	3,023 88
Furniture, etc.	656 60
Total	$1,181,569 47

LIABILITIES.

Owing to sundry creditors, as per schedule	$3,897,651 43

THE Louisville *Courier Journal* says that the charitable work accomplished by the Young Men's Christian Association in the South during the prevalence of Yellow Fever last year, has given it a better standing than ever before, and the greatly increased confidence of the people. In New Orleans the Association has opened new rooms with a large library, and have sent to the Secretaries' Conference in Baltimore for the best and most experienced General Secretary that they can get. His salary for the first year has been guaranteed by a prominent banker of that City.

WHAT is the matter of Massachusetts' horrors multiply in that staid old State until it seems that there is to be no end. Financial defalcations exhibiting the utmost moral crookedness are common, or at least are not rare. Then without going back into the annals of the past farther than a month, comes the Pocasset horror, the accusing of HAYDEN for the poisoning of his sister, and probably of his father and mother, and two or three other things which have startled and shocked the surrounding communities. Something must be wrong with the moral atmosphere of the old Bay State.

CONGRESS AND THE EXECUTIVE.

The Confederate-Democracy must be hard up for support, when it falls back on Whig criticism of Democratic abuse of the veto power, to justify their attempt to starve the Government to terms, by seizing the National treasury. Yet, this is now done. The New York *World* reproduces the "Allison letter" of Gen. TAYLOR, dated April 22, 1848, in which he set forth the position he should occupy if elected President, as he was the succeeding Fall. It will be remembered that for a long series of years—under JACKSON, VAN BUREN, TYLER and POLK—the popular will, especially on the questions of slavery, currency, tariff, finances and internal improvements, as expressed by Congress, had been thwarted by the Executive, either in the use of public patronage or by the veto. Year after year, by such means, and mainly by the corrupt and corrupting use of "spoils" among members of Congress, the Executive had dominated over the manifest will of the country. No measure on which public sentiment was divided, could be considered by Congress, without the will of the President was made known, to which the Democratic members made their obeisance as regularly as the Mohammedan faces the sacred temple at the sound of the voice. For such to hesitate to yield their judgment to the Executive decree, was to cut themselves off from the supply of patronage on which their personal importance and power mainly rested. A Democratic Congressman, with a Democratic Administration hostile to him, was an object of pity and contempt with the body of that party. Hence, very few men have dared to occupy such position, the mass of them preferring to sink their official character, and even their manhood, in base subserviency to the dispenser of "spoils." In those "good old days," for which the Democratic party is now taught to pray, such a thing as a caucus was never thought of by Democratic Congressmen. The suggestion of such would have been promptly resented by the master at the White House in a way and by means too clear and effective to be ignored or forgotten. The party Congressman then was as completely relieved of the wear and tear of mind incident to inquiry and thought touching the question on which he was to vote, as is the rank and file of the party in respect to its policy or candidates. The President took charge of all such matters, and when his decree was made known, nothing remained for the "representatives of the people," but silently and cravenly to register the Executive edict.

Such was the State of things, when Gen. TAYLOR wrote the "Allison letter," quoted by the Democratic press as authority against the recent vetoes of Pres. HAYES. The part of that letter chiefly relied on for this purpose, is the the following paragraph, to-wit:

"The *personal opinion of the individual* who may happen to occupy the *Executive chair ought not to control the action of Congress* upon questions of domestic policy, nor ought his objections to be interposed when questions of constitutional power *have been settled* by the various departments of Government and *acquiesced in by the people*"

What has this to do with the vetoes of President HAYES? Nobody pretends that in the present case "the personal opinion" of the Executive has controlled the action of Congress. On the contrary, that action proved to be against his views. Nor was any one authorized, nor did any one undertake in Congress to declare what were or were not his views. As to his vetoes, they certainly *were* "interposed where questions of Constitutional power had been settled" by every "department of the Government, and acquesced in by the people" during the entire existence of Government; but they were in *support* of such uniform practice and popular acquiescence. Thus they were in the strictest accord with the position of Gen. TAYLOR, whose objection was to the exercise of the veto *against* such practice and approval, which makes all the difference in the world. That gentleman was protesting against the encroachment of the Executive on the other departments of the Government, then so frequent; whereas, Pres. HAYES now seeks only to protect and defend the Constitutional rights and authority of the Executive, exercised, and, until now, uniformly recognized by all other departments and by the people since the very inauguration of the Government. He objects to stripping the Executive of powers conferred by the Constitution and made effective by legislation dating all the way back to WASHINGTON'S Administration, and exercised, without question, by every intervening President. What has that to do with Gen. TAYLOR'S eminently proper and timely protest against the new course of Executive dictation and usurpation by Democratic Presidents? Nothing whatever, and this attempt to use that letter to bolster up the Confederate raid on the Executive, is sheer nonsense, and clearly indicates the desperation of the cause for which it is employed.

THURMAN'S CANDIDACY.

THURMAN has undoubtedly decided to throw himself into the breach, and make a personal canvass of Ohio. The BLADE has never been able to see how he could avoid this, if he still clung to his Presidential aspirations. The State is essential to any man who expects to get the election, or even the nomination, and it is doubly so to Mr. THURMAN, since it is his base of operations, and without it he could have no standing in the Convention. He recognizes this as fully as any one, and also that he must organize the State for himself or it will be organized against him. The skill and vigor of TILDEN'S combinations in the last few weeks have very properly alarmed him. There is little doubt that TILDEN is already strongly in the ascendancy in New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and many States in the Northwest, and there is every reason to fear that he has gained such a hold in this State that it will require the most strenuous effort on the part of THURMAN to come into the race with more than equal chances.

Early in the Spring, Mr. THURMAN, lulled into a false belief of his entire security, was content to have cause in Ohio represented by a Lieutenant. This plan had the advantages that if the Democracy carried the State the glory thereof would largely redound to THURMAN, while a defeat would not be necessarily fatal to him in the Convention, as it would if the canvass was conducted by him personally. Now the case is altered. No lieutenant has appeared capable of adequately representing Mr. THURMAN, and the probabilities increase that it would be a lieutenant of Mr. TILDEN'S that would make the canvass. This necessitates immediate action. He must do something to restore his waning fortunes, and like a commander when a battle is going against him, he seizes the colors and rushes to the front to repair the disorder in his battalions.

The next question is as to whether he can get the nomination. He and his friends believe that all he has to do is to signify his acceptance, when it will be forthwith tendered him on a salver. This flattering conceit is very delusive. Messrs. TILDEN and BISHOP are not to be disposed of so easily. They have spent too much time and money to abandon the field simply because Mr. THURMAN chooses to enter it. When he gets the nomination, we can rest assured he will have earned it.

But, supposing he is nominated, what impetus can he give to the Democratic canvass that it would not otherwise have? Not any that we can see. While Mr. THURMAN is undoubtedly an able man, he is not a popular one, and neither on the stump nor by personal association can he show any personal magnetism that will add greatly to his following. In this respect he is inferior to Gov. BISHOP, who has many elements of popularity, and will make as strong a fight against us, in nearly every way, as his more pretentious opponent—the Senator from Ohio.

STRIKES IN NEW YORK.

Just at present there seems to be a monomania for striking in New York City among the working people, most of which seems to be utterly uncalled for. Last week the horseshoers and stablemen of the different car lines struck for an additional 25 cents a day, which would bring their pay up to $2.50 per day. The companies reduced the number of horses to be cared for, but that was not satisfactory. One line agreed to pay the $2.50, but immediately discharged the strikers and hired new men.

The trouble is there, as elsewhere all over the United States, the laboring classes are unwilling to conform to the new order of things brought about by the experiences of the last few years. The profits in all kinds of trade have been reduced to minimum. Speculation, as a rule, has been destroyed by the hard times, and small gains are looked upon as worth great effort. To correspond with this change in business from the old times of inflation, when dreams of great wealth floated before every man, and to dwell in luxury not beyond the hopes of the poorest, the cost of living has been greatly reduced and $1 now will buy as much as before the war, and in some cases more.

The laboring classes, those who work by the day, do not appreciate this, and they maintain the same demands as in the old high priced times. If these are not complied with the remedy is to strike, a poor one at best, and one that is rarely successful.

The country is slowly but surely recovering from the long stagnation and depression in financial and commercial matters. Its recovery must be, however, somewhat retarded by the conditions existing in the foreign countries with which we have commercial relations. Yet the outlook is in the highest degree encouraging. Small traders who do not depend on foreign markets have learned to conduct their business upon solid ground. A greater degree of economy in its management has been learned, a thing which is as necessary as economy in home expenditures.

If the laboring classes would learn to content themselves with the same small earnings and simple way of living as in the olden time, there need be little grumbling. Work is becoming plenty, and by most of those who desire it, steady employment can be gained for wages which correspond reasonably with everything else. Strikes will accomplish little or no good, and often much harm. If the demands of workmen are within reason, they will usually be complied with. If not, violence can accomplish no permanent change for the benefit of the employe.

AGRICULTURAL EMIGRATION.

One of the most noticeable things about the migration which is now taking place from one part of our country to the other, is the greater amount of means that is carried with the emigrants and which permits the new home to be formed under so much more favorable circumstances. Without capital it takes years of struggle and hard work for a settler upon wild lands to make his family even comfortable. Anything beyond a bare subsistance is out of the question for a time which is longer or shorter, according to the thrift and energy of the farmer, and the productiveness of the soil which he has acquired.

Since the development of the Dakota wheat lands, however, and the great sums of money which have been made from the immense farms located in that Territory have become known to agriculturists, many who were comfortably well off at the East, have seen great possibilities in the West, and removed thither to invest the capital already acquired. They have bought farms, built comfortable houses, and, in a magically short space of time, have pleasant homes, and property which is making large returns for their investment. This is notably the case in Minnesota as well as in Dakota, and the same is true of the majority of those who are now flocking to Kansas and Southern Nebraska. Enterprising and intelligent settlers will soon make of that whole country a garden.

It is singular to note that the same kind of emigration is taking place to regions so far North that once it would have been deemed an impossibility to raise wheat because of the coldness of the climate. It has been demonstrated however, that far to the North of Dakota wheat farming can be most profitably conducted; and to that region, ceded by the Hudson Bay Company to Canada, large numbers of well-to-do farmers, and some with large capitals, are going for permanent locations as agriculturists. It is said that the emigrants go in large parties, and whole trains are chartered to carry themselves, their stock, machinery and implements through to Manitoba without change, whence they will proceed to their different destinations. Altogether, this change in the class of emigration to new lands is something wonderful, and foreshadows a quick development of the wilderness into populous and thriving regions.

It is a hard thing to imagine England in a condition of ignorance about any of her possessions. She generally knows to a nicety just where they are, and how much revenue may be expected from them, to say nothing of her knowledge about the lands that she wants and means to get. It is said, however, that the English public, until the last message from the Lieut.-Governor to the Legislature of the Fiji Islands, was not aware of the extent and resources of its colony there. One of the Islands is as large as Cyprus, and the aggregate area of the whole is greater than all the British West Indies put together.

LOGAN'S LOYALTY.

A subscriber of the BLADE at Paris, Tenn., sends us the following extract from the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and asks our opinion of the matter, as it is one in which he feels a deep interest:

MADRID BEND, LAKE CO., TENN., May 7.—Seeing an account of the dispute between Mr. Lowe and Senator Logan in the *Courier-Journal* and their cards, neither of which is correct, I propose to give you such information as I possess. About February, 1861, Gen. Logan made a red hot speech at Memphis, in which he said that he thought Southern Indiana and Illinois would go with the South, and that he could bring a brigade from Illinois. When the war began, I went out with the Fifteenth Tennessee regiment Infantry, Col. C. M. Carroll, Company G. This regiment was composed of about half from Illinois, the rest from Mayfield, Ky., in command of Capt. Thorn Brooks, First Lieutenant Dr. John Wall, Orderly Sergeant Hiram Cunningham, brother in law of General John A. Logan. It was a good company, and Cunningham one of the best non-commissioned officers in the regiment. Capt. Brooks and Sergeant Cunningham both told how they came into the Confederate service, the substance of which was that Logan was to raise a regiment, of which Brooks's command was to be a part; that they had a full company organized; that they heard of steps being taken for their arrest by the authorities at Cairo; that Brooks advised them to scatter and make their way singly or in small parties south to the Ohio and meet at Paducah, Ky.; that many of them were scared and remained behind; that those who did come over made their way to Mayfield, Ky., where they found a company being organized by Dr. Wall; that they joined these Kentuckians, and that, as a compliment to them, Brooks was chosen Captain and Wall First Lieutenant. They then went to Union City, Tenn., and were mustered into service with the 15th Tennessee infantry. These Illinoisans were brave soldiers, and had all the *chic* of Johnny Reb. At Shiloh, Sergeant Cunningham, in charging through the Federal camp on Sunday morning, was struck in the left breast by a musket ball, and knocked over. A pack of cards in his overshirt pocket saved his life, as the ball had penetrated all but the last card. He used to laugh at this, and say, "Cards don't go with special providences, but if now, it had been a Bible, how the chaplains, newspapers and old women would have howled."

In 1862 the regiment was reorganized, Private Tyler as Colonel (Brigadier General Tyler, killed almost the last fight of the war at West Point, Va.); Brooks, Lieutenant Colonel; Dr. Wall, Major; and Sergt. Cunningham became Captain of his company.

By the Spring of 1862 this company, like many others, had become much reduced in numbers, and Capt. Cunningham solicited and obtained permission from Gen. Bragg to go to Illinois for recruits for his command. He never returned. His comrades had such confidence in him from their association with him, his gallantry and devotion to the cause, that they kindly judged that he had been captured, and when prisoners captured from Logan's corps, in front of Atlanta, said that Cunningham was a sutler in their command, the boys jokingly said that as he could not get back to his command he was damaging the enemy as much as he could in that way.

I never heard of any other troops from Illinois in our army but this half company; but that these were a part of a very much larger body of men that Gen. Logan was to head for the professed purpose of joining the Southern army is certain. If Logan did not in his secret heart intended these men for the South, the deception was cruel. In speaking of Logan in this connection these men said that they supposed that things got pretty hot around him, and that he was bought off with a command in the Federal army.

Gen. Cheatham, commanding division; ex-Gov. Porter, Adj't General; Dr. R. W. Mitchell, of Memphis, the First Assistant Surgeon of the Regiment; Henry Rice, Memphis, Captain Company C, and Joseph Specht, Memphis, Captain Company I, will no doubt remember these facts, and probably can add to them.

GEO. W. EMBERG.

The BLADE feels competent to speak with some confidence in regard to this question, as the battalion of cavalry to which the writer of this article belonged was sent to Williams County, Ills., (Gen. LOGAN'S home) in 1863, to assist in arresting the members of the 128th Ills. who had deserted in a body, and returned home, and defied arrest, compelling two different Iowa infantry regiments to return to Cairo and Paducah without effecting their object. The writer spent three or four weeks around Marion, and nearly every day heard discussions of the war, and of LOGAN'S position. The feeling against him was intense, so much so that his mother would not allow him to enter the house; his father-in-law persecuted his wife, and Gen. LOGAN'S brother—THOMAS JEFFERSON LOGAN, a whisky-drinking, poker-playing scrub lawyer, tried to irritate the General into a fight as an excuse for killing him. Yet there was never a charge made at any time in the writer's hearing, that Gen. LOGAN had either induced any one to go into the Rebel army, or promised to go himself. The burden of the proof is all the other way, because the regiment which Gen. LOGAN raised—the 31st Illinois—was one of the first to go out, and he would have had to do very lively work to raise a force of men for both sides, in the very short time that elapsed between the breaking out of the war, and the time that he marched to the front at the head of his regiment. The hostility of his old neighbors and relatives against him seemed all based upon the simple fact that he was fighting to very good purpose in prosecuting "this —— Abolition War"—the highest crime, in the eyes of a Williamson Countian that a white man could be guilty of. It will be remembered that this is the County where the famous "Vendetta" occurred some years ago; where men sneaked around and shot their enemies down through windows at night, as they were seated around the fire, or laid in wait for them as they came out to the wood pile in the morning. This style of murder went on until the facts came to the notice of the Chicago, and St. Louis papers, who raised such a storm that the Governor of Illinois sent a body of militia to the County, and arrested a number of the Vendettaists. Several of these were tried, and hanged, and this restored a semblance of order and law. This instance is recalled to show the character of the people of the County, who are "poor whites" of the regular Southern type, as ignorant, as lazy, as vicious, as murderous as the class is everywhere. They hated the "Abolitionists" with an intensity surpassing that of the fiercest South Carolinian.

The CUNNINGHAM mentioned above is one of the leaders of this class, as worthless and vicious as they. He was a hot-headed secessionist from the first, and active in recruiting men for the Rebel army. The battle of Shiloh was his first engagement, and he got fighting enough there to last him the rest of his natural life. He suddenly recognized the fact that it was safer and pleasanter to vaporize treason about the doggeries of Marion (the County seat of Williamson) than to maintain it in the open field. He deserted his command, swam the Tennessee River on horseback, and returned home. His brother-in-law—Gen. LOGAN—became surety for his good conduct in the sum of $10,000, and he was permitted to stay at home, by the Government. He did not appreciate this clemency, but after loafing around Marion a year or so, he began organizing bands of home traitors, called "Illinli," whose object was the release of the Rebel prisoners confined at Camp Douglas, and the burning of Chicago. The Government nipped this scheme just as it was approaching fruition, and sent Mr. CUNNINGHAM and his co-conspirators to prison during the war. Simple justice would have hanged them, and the world would have been much better off, as they were a mean, cowardly lot.

A SIGNIFICANT CONFESSION.

FERNANDO WOOD is entitled to the thanks of every good citizen for the frankness of his recent statement of the real trouble of the Democrats in Congress in connection with the election laws. At a meeting of the House Committee on Ways and Means, of which that gentleman is the Chairman, the matter of an adjournment of Congress was under discussion. The Republicans urged the prompt passage of the appropriation bills, to be followed by a close of the session. Mr. MORRISON (Dem.) said he had not at first favored the policy adopted by the Democrats, but now that it had been entered upon, he could see no way out of the dilemma but in a firm adherence by that party to its position.

In the course of the discussion, Mr. WOOD said the issue between the President and Congress was one that offered no hope of amicable adjustment—that the President would not sign appropriation bills which Congress would pass, while the Democrats were determined not to pass bills that did not repeal laws objectionable to them. Hence, he held that nothing remained to be done, but to fix upon a day for adjournment, and close the session. Republican members expressed the hope that the situation was not so desperate as that, when Mr. WOOD replied that no proposition which could be made that did not involve the repeal or the modification of the election laws, could possibly be entertained by the Democrats. He said this matter was of vital importance to the Democratic party. It could *never hope to carry New York*, he said, so long as *the election laws should remain unrepealed*, and it was out of the question to expect that the Democrats in Congress would assent to any other plan than the one they had already instituted.

Unquestionably, Mr. WOOD was sincere in his statement of the ground on which the present course of the Democrats in Congress is based. The safeguards furnished the ballot box by existing laws, stand in the way of Democratic success and for that reason, they must be repealed, at whatever cost to the country. Party success, with the Democratic leaders, is the one paramount consideration. They can consent to any sacrifice of the general peace and prosperity, and even to treason, rebellion and war against the Government, provided it promises aid to "the party." It was on this ground that that party has for 50 years submitted to the domination of the South. There has not been committed an outrage on the rights of freemen since the war for the perpetuation of slavery began, that did not find its chief reliance for support in the aid it promised the Democratic party. For this, the right of petition was denied, the mails were torn open so the inspection of the slave power, the Missouri Compromise was repealed, and, finally, the war against the Union inaugurated. And so throughout that war, the same object kept the Democratic party North and South in full sympathy and co-operation, which union is as complete and strong to day as at any former time.

It is for the American people to turn the frankness of Mr. WOOD to practical account. If, with that gentleman, they think the chief end of the Government is the success of the Democratic party, then they must also agree with him that whatever may stand in the way of Democratic success should be put away. It is admitted by him, as it also is by all his Confederate associates, that the present election laws are an obstacle to that party; and for that reason, wholly, they must be repealed, or the Government must come to an end. A Government without the Democratic party power is not worth preserving, in the estimation of the Democratic leaders.

Mr. WOOD must be excused for his earnestness in this matter. His special interest in the Democrats carrying New York, is well understood, and his own recent narrow escape from defeat in a District supposed to be largely Democratic, leaves him with a lively sense of his own peril from the present election laws. He evidently foresees defeat in the next trial, unless the ballot-box in his District is thrown open to repeaters, fraudulent naturalization papers and false returns. He well knows that he never was honestly elected, and he does not hope to be; hence, his solicitude about the repeal of the laws which threaten his defeat. And what is true of Mr. WOOD, is more or less true of most Democratic Congressmen.

THE New York *Tribune*, in speaking of the temporary suspension of the growing cattle trade of this country with Great Britain, caused by the orders in the British Council because of the plague, says that the existence of the disease in this country is owing to the neglect with which it has been treated. It was first imported thither from England and had it then been properly treated might have been made to disappear entirely. In some of the States the contagion has been stamped out as often as it has appeared, but in others, New York among the number, absolutely nothing was done for its prevention or cure for years, although stringent efforts are now being made in that direction both there and in New Jersey, while Pennsylvia, Maryland, Delaware and Virginia are still treating the matter with indifference. The only wonder is that the plague does not extend West, and its doing so can only be a question of time.

IT will be a matter of rejoicing everywhere when the unsightly telegraph poles and network of wires in City and country, can be removed from the face of the earth, as it now seems probable that they will be at an early day. A patent for preserving the conductivity of telegraph wires under ground has been lately purchased by the Western Union Telegraph Company for the sum of $250,000, and contracts have been already made for subterranean lines between New York and Philadelphia. Experiments have shown that the wires wrapped in cotton and enclosed in iron pipes filled with petroleum are protected from moisture, and that so arranged they can be worked equally well under land or water. This discovery will be of the greatest benefit to the companies themselves, for it will largely diminish their expenses, without decreasing their gains.

OLD SOLDIERS' COLUMN.

A Prison Banker.

To the Editor of the Blade.

I doubt whether the eloquence of Peter of Amiens, who inflamed the dormant spirit of the Knighthood of France and Germany to go and rescue the Holy Land from the grasp of the Infidel was any more penetrating than the quiet, matter of fact, and honest recital of "Illinois." He is educating the young of America to cherish and preserve the Union. Every word he says is true.

I was taken prisoner at Tilton, Ga., in October, 1864 by French's Division, Hood's Army. I was at Selma, Millen, Blackshear, Albany, Thomasville and Andersonville. I have seen villainous torture and misery, in comparison with which the inventions of the inquisition was mere child's play. The *refined merit* of Winder's cruelty stands unparalleled in history. I would not have the consciousness of having caused such *hellish* suffering for the whole world. I was released March 28 1865. When I enlisted I weighed 220 pounds, now I am reduced to "gray hound feather weight." I am ready to go again, if the Brigadiers keep spoiling for another thrashing. I feel faint; the pitch pine odor, and maggoty corn bread of Andersonville haunts me, and I wish, if a crisis *must* come *let her come soon*, while we are tough enough to *wipe out old scores*. I remember many incidents "Illinois" relates. Wriz offered me a Major's commission, but I told him the maggots would carry me through the cracks of the stockade before I would turn traitor. There are 50 Andersonville survivors in this vicinity, and they unanimously declare "Illinois" speaks the truth.

ALVIN WHITE.

1st Serg't Co. G, 17th Iowa Int. Vols.
Red Cloud, Webster Co., Neb.

The Best Ever Written.

To the Editor of the Blade:

I have been reading the history of Andersonville Prison, and I can say for one that I was there and know that it is correct in every respect. I was taken prisoner on the 22d of July, 1864, near Atlanta, Ga., along with the rest of my regiment. I was only in Andersonville two months, but that was long enough for me. There was an exchange agreed upon between Sherman and Hood, for 2,000 men, and I was one of the lucky number. Several of our boys, who went to Andersonville, strong, able-bodied men, died in that short time. Your history of Andersonville is the best written account I have ever seen of Southern prisons.

L. D. PECOCK,
Co. C, 16th Iowa Vol. Inf.,
4th Div., 17th Army Corps.
Muscatine, Ia., April 21.

Read Eagerly.

To the Editor of the Toledo BLADE:

The Andersonville Sketches are read eagerly by those in sympathy with the boys in blue, while some doubt its truthfulness. I do not wonder, for how could such barbarity exist in a civilized country like ours. But we *know* it did exist, and it is a blot and stain upon our country. For 10 long, long and weary months I was a prisoner at Belle Isle and Andersonville. I am ready and willing to vouch for the truthfulness of Andersonville in every particular. Two years ago I wrote several letters for publication, but I was not so *minute* in giving the incidents of prison life, as "Illinois" is, because I thought the truth would not be believed. The author makes a good attempt on paper to tell of the sufferings, persecutions and horrors of Andersonville, but it he had the whole of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary at his tongue's end, he could not picture it in all its terrible, vivid reality. I was a member of Co. C, 25th Regiment, New York Vols. Army comrades reading this, of my Company, I will be glad to hear from them. T. P. WERNES,
Walnut, O. Co., Ill.

May 20, 1879.

A Democrat Converted.

To the Author of Andersonville.

I must contribute my mite, to the many old soldiers who have testified to the truth of the author's statements concerning Rebel prisons. I was not in Andersonville myself, but I know many who were there, and they all tell the same story. Whoop 'em up! I tell you what your "Andersonville" has done for one *hard seasoned old copper top Democrat*. He was induced to read "Andersonville," but denounced it as fiction, then the letters from old soldiers came, testifying to the truth of the author's statements—and recently he says to me, "F," says he, 'any man who can read *that* and *then* sympathize with those *worse than devils*, ought to be hung.' He is a man of strong mind, and very determined, and he is now as radical a Republican as he was a Democrat before. Whoop 'em up, I say again, and let the people *know the truth*.

A. M. RUSSELL,
Late Co. B, 45th Iowa Infantry, 3rd Brig, 1st Div., 16th Army Corps.
Boyle, Kansas, May 6th, 1879.

Father and Uncle Starved.

To the Editor of the Blade:

I am much interested in the history of Andersonville. My father and my Uncle were both starved to death in Rebel prisons. They belonged to the 7th Wisconsin Battery; they became tired out in a retreat and were both captured. In the Fall of 1864, my father was paroled, and being so reduced from extreme suffering he was discharged and started home. He got as far as Brookfield, Wis., but was unable to proceed further on his sad homeward journey. I was eight years old and my brother six, we were summoned with mother to see him die. He talked, as much as his remaining strength would permit of his prison life and told mother that the sweetest morsel he ever tasted was a piece of rat, he was too hungry to wait to cook it, and ate it raw. I never shall forget his look as he lay with the Stars and Stripes wrapped around him, as he asked to have the flag over him when he died, and he said to me, "God bless my boy, remember my son, the Rebels starved Papa to death." His dying words seem to ring in my ears yet. I think it is high time for every loyal man to be on the alert, when such men as Jeff Davis, the worse than murderer, and arch traitor, is treated with toleration and leniency. My Uncle, my poor father's brother, was never heard from; he was left to die in that hell of this earth, Andersonville.

FRANK L. WRIGHT.
Branch Falls, Minn., May 12, 1879.

Wants the Book.

To the Editor of the Toledo BLADE:

Give us this history of Andersonville in book form, so we can hand it down for 1,000 years, and publish 20,000 books, to tell men and women, too, about the hell we were treated to at Andersonville. I have heard my old comrades tell their hardships. I am now in Rebeldom, and have talked with the "old families" with men who were in the hands of "Yankees," and they all say they were cared for as *well* as the men were who guarded them. If you have forgotten the old rebellion, come here, for it is the same now as in war times.

W. H. ATKINSON,
Co. D, 5th Kentucky Vol.
Louisville, Ky., May 8, 1879.

A Union Kentuckian.

To the Editor of the Toledo BLADE:

I was not a prisoner, but I heartily indorse the "Andersonville" story, and trust God will give the author courage to go on, and tell the truth of the sufferings and torture inflicted upon defenceless prisoners, while in the hands of bloody traitors. I am a Southerner, but I thank God, that I never voted the Democratic ticket, and never will. I am a blood-relation of Jeff Davis, and called a scalawag in the South, because I would not be scared into their army. They drove me from my native State Kentucky. I joined the Union Army, fought against my own kindred, for which I am not ashamed. May the God of our loyal boys, who were slain, make the reign of the traitors of Washington short. Long live the author of "Andersonville."

J. F. HARMEN,
Mill Springs, Wayne Co., Mo., Co. H., 6th Ohio Vol. Cav.
May 18th, 1879.

A Real Stalwart.

To the Editor of the BLADE:

I am greatly interested in Andersonville, and I have a great desire to ascertain the author's name. I will try, however, and be patient and wait his pleasure in revealing it. And now, in the "old Soldiers' column" I wish to give my unqualified endorsement, as to the truthfulness of his sketches. I was in Rebel prisons over 18 months. The remembrance of the horrors and infernal cruelties practiced there are buried deep in my memory, as it *burned in with a red hot iron*. I say now to "Illinois," "Lay on Macduff, and damned be he who first cries hold, enough." Let your keen knife cut to the very marrow, and lay bare to the eyes of the people, the deadly malice and the diabolical plans resorted to by the craven hearted leaders of the Rebellion. I never bowed the knee to those wretches or fawned for favor, only to be spurned by rebel curses.

I hated them then, I hate them now, and shall teach my children to loathe the accursed commanders of the Rebel prisons, and the Rebel Government, under whose orders they existed. It was with sadness and deep indignation I read of that foul mouthed traitor, Wade Hampton, and his company of Rebel soldiers being received at Bunker Hill a few years ago. And later, the veterans of Ohio are inviting leading Rebel soldiers to attend their reunions. My God! what a spectacle! But the crowning insult and contemptible effort at reconciliation, is the absurd mockery of strewing flowers on the graves of Union and Rebel soldiers alike that is now the prevailing custom. Entirely too much sentiment, and not much good horse-sense. It would be better to build a monument to the poor fellows, who were rooted up by the hogs and washed down the James River from Belle Isle. Let us keep our sympathy and flowers for the poor boys in nameless graves, and not waste either on a traitor's grave. I was captured the 19th of Oct. 1863, and was taken to the Pemberton building in Richmond. I was afterwards taken to Belle Isle. In Feb. 1864, I was sent to Andersonville. In March, I was also at Savannah, Blackshear, Millen, and then back to Andersonville, and was finally released the 27th of April, 1865. I have been run down by blood hounds, bucked and gagged and ordered to be shot. So I say, go on Illinois, I know how it is myself.

Z. F. JONES,
Late of Co. B. 1st Va. Cav.
Montgomery, Iowa, May 3, 1879.

Indorses the Story.

To the Editor of the Toledo BLADE:

I am deeply interested in "Andersonville," and, as I happened to be an inmate of the place, I fully indorse what the author says of the places where so many brave boys were left. I noticed in the last instalment of Andersonville, Captain Davis' name mentioned. He was captured as a Spy some where in this State. I had the extreme fliecty (?) to meet him at Todd Barracks, when I reported at that place for my discharge. He was as much of a demon to us as Old Wirz was. I am quite familiar with many things the author speaks so eloquently of, and many things I had almost forgotten, comes back to me. Have the letters published in book form by all means.

H. DOLL.
Oawaburg, Ohio, May 5, 1878.

A Michigan Soldier Speaks.

To the Editor of the BLADE:

I am reading the "Andersonville" papers, and have every reason to believe the author's statement is true. I was a prisoner at Richmond in the fall of 1864, and was paroled in a short time. If hell is as bad a place as the Rebel prisons were, may God help and deliver us and keep us from it. I wish some of my Democratic friends had been at Andersonville awhile, I think they would have been wholly convinced and *thoroughly converted*. I have always voted the Democratic ticket, but I can *not do it again*. I was in the army from the beginning of the war till the close. Jeff. Davis is a cowardly dog, a double dyed traitor, and those who uphold him in his present course are as traitorous as he.

EDWARD FLYNN.
Co. I, 2d Regt. Mich. Vt. Vol. Inf.
FLOWERFIELD STA., Mich., May 12.

God Speed in the Good Work.

To the Editor of the BLADE:

Your articles on Andersonville are producing a great effect. God speed you in the good work. Give the *whole* truth about the dastardly deeds of the cowardly Rebels. Keep the fires burning, my brothers. I notice in the old soldiers' column a note from my old college chum, John W. January, who lost both legs from disease in the prison pen at Andersonville.

Thine for the *right*,
C. J. PORTER,
Co. K, 80th Regt., Ill. Vols.
Como, Whiteside Co., Ill., May 10, 1879.

The

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once into the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems, and questions in mathematical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which, in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper for the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms, or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the question remains unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate, and distinct, always upon separate sheets. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books.

M. J. C., Atlanta, Ill.—No name, no answers.

W. D., Keelersville, Mich.: We have no means of ascertaining.

J. S. S., Cordova, Minn.—Gen. Sherman is not a Catholic, but his wife is.

M. J. T., (no address).—In what State? Please repeat your question, and give your location.

J. S. B., Winn, Mich.: We are obliged to decline the gratuitous publication of requests for correspondence.

F. C. F., Louisville, Pa.—We know nothing more about the parties named than is contained in their advertisement.

S. B., Bowensville, Mich.: We regret to say that we have not the books named now. We may have them hereafter.

P. F. G., Quaker Bottom, O.: We know only what we learn from the advertisements named. See paragraph at head of this department.

J. C., Emporia, Kans., writes: "I see that S. D. Carr, Toledo, asks the address of Amos Hilkey at Cottonwood Falls, Chase Co., Kans."

A. B. HARRIS, St. Louisville, O.: We regret to say that we cannot give you the address of any manufacturer of white ink. Perhaps some reader can.

MRS. L., Kennard, Neb.: 1. Write to Aug. Brentano, 39 Union Square, New York. 2. Dodd's Modern Horse Doctor, Orange Judd & Co., New York, $1.50.

A. R. WALKER, Sunbury, Ohio, wishes to learn the whereabouts of Mrs. Harriet MacDuff, formerly Miss Harriet Grandstaff, or any of her children.

W. D. FISHER, White City, Kans., writes: "The address of Capt. Reynold or Lieut. Kelley, of the 15th Regiment Wisconsin Infantry, is wanted by Mrs. Charles Fisher, as a favor."

T. W. T., Stoystown, Pa.—We should be glad to oblige you, but we do not lay any claim to medical skill or knowledge and prefer to leave the subjects of Catarrh and Bronchitis entirely to the physicians.

A. M. C., Darien, Wis., asks: "Will some one give, in Correspondents' Column of the BLADE, the postoffice address of Col. Pettis, 60th Regt. N. Y. Vol. Engrs.; also of Capt. Fred Pettis, Company D, same regiment?"

SAM C., Monroe Center, Ill., sends the following problem: "A board is 12 feet long, 6 inches wide at one end and 12 inches at the other; how many feet from each end must it be cut to make each part contain the same number of square feet?"

WILLIAM FLETCHER, Baltimore, Ind., writes to obtain the address of the following officers of the Fifth Ohio Cavalry, Company M: Captain John S. Bowles, Second Lieutenant Albert B. Hill, commanding Company M, or the Sergeon of the Regiment.

GEORGE D. PARKER, Louisville, Kan., says: "Drayton F. Hale, Scottsville, Va., who inquires, April 24, is informed that the postoffice address of Robert H. Davison, Hospital Steward U. S. A. during the war, is Louisville, Pottawatomie Co., Kan."

J. H. W., Malvern, Iowa, sends a full and very scholarly solution to the problem regarding the residence of the mother and her daughter, as published in the BLADE of April 24th. We regret that we have not the necessary algebraic characters to enable us to publish it in full.

G. F. W., Evanston, Ind., asks: "Has Congress passed a bill granting a pension to soldiers of the Mexican war?"—It has not. Such a bill came up during the last Congress but was not acted on. It is now before Congress having been presented in the House by Mr Sparkes of Illinois.

M. L. B., Deans, N. J., asks: "Are copper coins of 1797 of any particular value?"—Yes, if they are perfect specimens; that is, if the impressions are sharp and unworn and the coin unmutilated. Write to any good and reliable dealer, and he will make price for you if the coins are as stated above.

J. H., Swanton, O., asks: "Does the U. S. Government put up monuments to soldiers' graves? To what class of soldiers, if any? 2. Will Andersonville, in book form, be so as to answer to same question elsewhere in this department. 2. It will be sold by subscription."

J. B. D., Leona, Pa., says: I have just read in your Answers to Correspondents, the statement that John Wesley did not make a translation of the Bible. This is partly true and partly false. He did make a translation of the New Testament, with notes. The book is published at the Methodist Book Concern, 805 Broadway, N. Y.

C. C., Fox, Ind., asks: "Could two brothers go to Kansas to Government land, take homesteads, and one stay and improve them and the other come back? Could they get their deeds in this way?"—The Government will not recognize such an arrangement as this. The brother who returned home would lose his land.

JAS. B. G., Red Oak, Iowa: We have a few sets of the famous "Household" edition of Dickens' works, which includes 15 volumes handsomely bound in cloth, with 236 full page illustrations. The regular price of the set is $1.50 per volume, or $22.50. We will send the entire set of 15 volumes to any address on receipt of $15. The volumes will not be sold separately.

MRS. R. S. L., Hartford, Conn.: We have among our books "The Lives of the Three Mrs. Judsons," (regular price $1.75, our price $1.25,) in which is given quite a number of poems written by Mrs. Sarah B. Judson, the second wife, as well as a number by Mrs. Emily C. Judson, the third wife. We presume that you will find what you want among them, if not the book will doubtless tell you where it can be had.

URIAH E. THOMAS, Carlyle, Allen Co., Kans., wants to know if any of the readers of the BLADE can give him the postoffice address of Sergeant Alton, Edwin K. Clark or John B. Martin. Sergt. Alton lived in Illinois when last heard from. Edwin K. Clark formerly lived at Covington, Ky.; John B. Martin at Binghampton, N. Y. He would like to hear from these or any other of his Andersonville prison acquaintances.

J. D., Magnolia, Ia., asks: "Why are nails spoken of two penny, four penny, etc.?"—The term "penny," when used to mark the size of nails, is said to be a corruption of the word "pound." Thus a four-penny nail was such that 1,000 of them weighed four pounds, a ten-penny such that 1,000 weighed 10 pounds. Originally the hundred as applied to nails was six score or 120, thus the thousand was 1,200. Various other explanations are given.

W. A. McL., Minerva, Kan., asks: "Can any of the BLADE readers send me the present address of John Hines formerly of Co. K, 1st Reg't Wis. Vol. Inf.? When last heard from he was in Dodge Co., Wis. He is a German by birth. Would like the address of any of the boys of Co. K, said regiment. What is the present salary of the President, and was it ever any larger than at the present time?"—2. Fifty thousand dollars; it was never any larger.

J. N. H., Uniontown, Washington Territory, asks: Can any reader of the BLADE tell me anything of the whereabouts of the widow of Joseph Bronte? She is supposed to have married a barber in New York a few years ago. She had two children. There is an estate here belonging to these children, which they are about to lose.

M. L. B., Deans, N. J., writes: "I hope soon to send the names of my old club subscribers for a renewal, and, if time permits, some new names. I want to see the BLADE reach the glorious circulation of the 100,000 anticipated some time ago; and may its vast army of readers appreciate the efforts of its editors, whose hands are working and fingers fighting for the triumph of right over wrong."

J. W. P., Sylvania, Ohio, asks: "Will you please give the public debts of the United States, Great Britain and France?"—The public debt of the United States is something over $2,000,000,000. For exact figures, see the public debt statement for the month of May, which will be found elsewhere. Great Britain's public debt (including Ireland) is $3,838,307,-988, and that of France is $4,666,000,000.

J. T. R., New Salem, Pa., writes: "In the BLADE of May 15th, Mrs. C. A. Howard, of Peoria, Ohio, wishes the address of two officers. The first I know nothing of, but while in Portsmouth, Ohio, I met Dr. H. C. Baird (not Hard, as printed), Assistant Surgeon of the First O. H. A., and I understood that he lived there at that time (last Fall). I think a letter addressed to him at that place would reach him."

H. C. S., Lawrenceville, Pa., asks: "Is there an appropriation by the Government to provide headstones for soldiers who served and died in the late rebellion? 2. Also, can you tell me what kind of slabs mark the graves of soldiers buried at Soldiers' Home Cemetery, Washington, D. C."—In all the Government cemeteries, the headstones are furnished by the Government. 2. The earlier headstones are of marble, but all or nearly all the later ones, if we remember rightly, are of metal.

DOCTOR, Lewisburg, Pa., asks: "1. Would you please state through your valuable Correspondents' column the number of physicians in Leadville? 2. Would you advise a young man just starting in the profession to go there?"—1. We have no means of knowing. 2. We should not. The trouble is that a hundred other physicians have precisely the same impulse to go to Leadville because of possible wealth through their profession, and the majority of them will act on it. The consequence will be that Leadville will be greatly over-crowded with physicians, and that some of them will starve.

G. P. F., Whitesville, Mo. asks: "What is the nature of the Andersonville Prisoners Association at Chicago?"—It is an association first organized at New York in 1865. The object of the society is to bind together in friendly ties all the survivors of Southern military prisons, to do good, to aid and assist sick, destitute and friendless comrades, and by joint actions of its members in any direction to secure justice to surviving comrades, to keep alive a true spirit of patriotism, and to inculcate proper sentiments of respect and veneration for comrades who died, to correct false statements concerning Andersonville and other rebel prisons, in order that historical justice may be done the subject. It is organized and conducted in good faith.

J. S. P., Ewington, Ind., asks: "Can a farmer sell leaf tobacco in the hand which he has grown himself, without paying license as a dealer?"—The United States revenue law provides that no farmer or planter shall be required to pay a special tax as a dealer in leaf tobacco for selling tobacco of his own production, or tobacco received by him as rent from tenants who have produced the same on his land. But this section of the law does not exempt from a special tax any farmer or planter who, by peddling or otherwise, sells leaf tobacco at retail directly to consumers, or, to use the language of the law, "who sells or assigns, consigns, transfers, or disposes of to persons other than those who have paid a special tax, as leaf dealers or manufacturers of tobacco, snuff or cigars, or to persons purchasing leaf tobacco for export."

E. W. W., Phillipsburgh, Pa., asks: "What has become of the Woodruff Scientific Excursion around the World, described in the papers some months ago?"—It has been abandoned for lack of sufficient pecuniary support. The 8th of May was the day fixed for closing the books, and only about 40 prospective passengers had then made the required deposit of $200 apiece, instead of the 200 who were required to insure a start and the still larger number which was hoped for. A first class steamer had been procured and extensive arrangements made for the voyage, so that the managers claim to be $80,000 out of pocket, and Mr. Woodruff, whose heart was bound up in the enterprise, is a sadly disappointed man. He still expects to try it again.

S. C., Monroe Center, Ill., writes: "In answer to the problem of J. H., Turner, Ind., I give a solution: If A spends two-thirds of his he saves one-third; and if B spends three-fourths of his he saves one-fourth; then their joint earnings or $1,380 must be one-third of A's and one-fourth of B's salary; their joint salary is $4,400. Now if we subtract one-third of A's salary and one-fourth of B's, or $1,140, from $4,400, which is three-thirds of A's and four-fourths of B's salary, it will leave two-thirds of A's and three-fourths of B's, or $4,400–$1,140 plus $3,000 is equal to two-thirds of A's and three-fourths of B's salary; subtract again, it will leave one-third of A's and three-fourths of B's salary, or $1,780; subtract again, it will leave nothing of A's and one-fourth of B's, or $420, which multiplied by 4, to get all B's, equals $1,880; B's salary, $4,400 plus $1,880 equals A's salary or $2,520."

G. W. S., Paulding, O., asks: "Has the bill to prohibit fishing with hook and line in the waters of this State, between May 1st and June 15th, been repealed?"—It was the impression even of members of the Legislature a few days ago, that the bill had been repealed. But this seems not to be the case. The status of the bill repealing the existing law is as follows: The bill was introduced and passed the Senate. It then came to the House, where it was amended and then passed. It was then returned to the Senate for concurrence in the House amendments. The Senate referred the bill to the Committee on Fish Culture and Game, where it still remains. Before it can become a law the Senate must concur in the House amendments, or the House must recede from its amendments, or else a conference committee must act upon the difference between the two Houses, and then each House concur in the report of the conference committee, which, after being signed, makes the bill a law.

A. G. M., Middleburgh, N. Y., asks: "If two parties in this State should fill out and sign a blank such as ministers file with civil authorities, giving the names, ages, etc., of parties whom they have united in marriage, and afterward acknowledge the genuineness of their signatures to a third party, would such action be regarded as a legal marriage under the laws of this State?"—According to the laws of the State of New York, marriage is a civil contract, and a mutual agreement between competent parties to this effect is a legal marriage, provided it can be proved. When this contract is made in private the difficulty is to prove that the parties actually made such an agreement. The mere filling out of a blank return stating that A and B had been married, even if signed by the parties themselves, is not undeniable proof that they were thus married, or had made such a contract. It may have been filled up in jest, where no marriage contract existed. An actual contract of marriage signed by the parties before witnesses would be evidence. Of course we need not add that a contract of the nature mentioned would be very difficult to establish, and the better as well as the safer way is to follow out the usual custom of marriage before some recognized authority.

E. S. M., Waterloo, Ind., asks: "What is the average depth of the Atlantic Ocean; and how deep is it in the deepest places?"—The general result of the soundings would seem to indicate that the average depth of the Atlantic bed is not much more than 12,000 feet, and that there seem to be few depressions deeper than 24,000 or 30,000 feet, a little more than the height of Mont Blanc. Doctor Thompson sums up the general results of the Atlantic soundings as follows: "In the Arctic sea there is deep water reaching to 9,000 feet to the west and southwest of Spitzbergen. Extending from the coast of Norway, and including Iceland, the Faroe Islands, Shetland and Orkney, Great Britain and Ireland, and the bed of the North sea to the coast of France, there is a wide plateau, on which the depth rarely reaches 3,000 feet; but to the west of Iceland, and communicating, doubtless, with the deep water in Spitzbergen sea, a trough 500 miles wide, and, in some places, nearly 12,000 feet deep, curves along the coast of Greenland. This is the path of one of the great Arctic currents. After sloping gradually to a depth of 3,000 feet to the westward of the coast of Ireland, in latitude 50 degrees, the bottom suddenly dips to 10,000 feet at the rate of about 15 to 19 feet in 100; and from this point to within about 200 miles of the coast of Newfoundland, when it begins to shoal again, there is a vast undulating submarine plain, averaging 12,000 feet in depth below the surface—the 'telegraph plateau,' along which the Atlantic Cable is laid."

W. W. S., Reno, Kan., asks: "Will you please state when the plague originated, and in what countries it appears?"—The plague is said to be of unknown antiquity. According to one writer it ravaged the whole known world in 767 B. C. In 534 B. C., it made terrible havoc in Carthage, and the people, deploring the anger of the gods, offered up their children as sacrifices. Thucydides has left a graphic description of the plague which raged in Athens in 430 B. C., and which extended over Egypt and Ethiopia. In the eighteenth year of the Christian era, Rome was depopulated at the rate of 10,000 daily. Three centuries and a half later, the plague appeared in Britain, where the living were not able to bury the dead. There is little reason to doubt the statement that 200 persons perished daily in London during an epidemic which raged in 1348, and which prevailed throughout Europe. In 1478, more persons perished in England of pestilence than had died in 15 years of continued war. At various periods of its history London has suffered terribly from plague. More than 20,000 persons perished in 1603-4, and more than 35,000 in 1625. But it was not until 1665 that the city learned what a scourge the plague might become. A moderate estimate says that 68,596 persons perished, while other authorities state the number at 100,000. Since that period England has been tolerably free from the plague, but it has carried off 80,000 persons in Persia, 800,000 in Egypt, and 60,000 at Marseilles at one visitation.

E. M. E., Peru, Ind., asks: "Will you please explain how metals may be electroplated with silver by some simple process, such as any one of moderate experience can employ?"—For silver plating the bath consists of potassium-silver cyanide, prepared by precipitating solution of silver nitrate with potassium cyanide, and redissolving the washed precipitate in excess of potassium cyanide solution—potassium cyanide, 12 oz.; water, 1 gallon; silver cyanide, about 1 troy oz. Filter and use in a porcelain or glazed vessel. For the whitening bath dissolve 1 lb. potassium cyanide in 1 gallon of water; add ¾ oz. troy of silver cyanide, and filter the solution. The baths are provided with silver feeding plates for anodes proportioned in size to the surface of the work to be plated. These are connected with the positive pole of the battery. The cleaned articles are connected by a copper wire with the zinc pole of the battery, dipped for a minute or two in the whitening bath, and when uniformly coated with a white film of silver, transferred to the plating bath, under similar conditions. Three or four Smee cells with plates 10×4 inches will generally suffice for the plating bath, and four or five similar cells for the whitening bath; 20 to 30 minutes in the plating bath is usually sufficient to plate the work properly. Articles of copper, brass, or German silver, to be plated, should first be cleaned by boiling them for a few minutes in strong potash water, to free from traces of oil or grease, and, after rinsing, in dilute nitric acid, to remove any oxide, and again thoroughly rinsed. It must not be touched by the hand after cleaning. Just before putting the work into the bath, dip it momentarily in strong acid, or a mixture of equal parts nitric and sulphuric acids and rinse quickly. After this treatment it is sometimes dipped for a moment in dilute aqueous mercurous nitrate solution, and rinsed again. This has the effect of coating the clean metal with a film of mercury, which secures a perfect adhesion of the deposited silver.

FITH AND FOINT.

Spell "pupils" backward, and you will discover the nature of many a one among them.—*Boston Transcript.*

Some one asks the difference between a small boy and a glass of sodawater? Only five cents.—*Bradford Era.*

A farmer was killed by his hired man and the coroner's verdict was, "Death by his own hand."—*Steubenville Herald.*

An amateur singer frightened a pair of canary birds to death. It was a case of killing two birds with one's tone.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

There is something curious about a keyhole. A man can always find it in the dark, when he is going out, and never can discover it by moonlight when he is going in.—*New London Telegram.*

When an old backwoodsman was about to take his first ride in a Mississippi steamer he was asked whether he would take deck or cabin passage. "Well," said he, in a resigned sort of way, "I've lived all my life in a cabin, and I guess cabin passage will be good enough for a rough chap like me."

"Father," said a cobbler's lad, as he was pegging away at an old shoe, "they say that trout bite good now." "Well, well," replied the old gentleman; "you stick to your work and they won't bite you."

We have evidences of better times all around us. A dime novel can now be bought for three cents. George Washington's body servant has stopped dying, and three "Pinafore" companies collapsed last week.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Do you think," asked Mrs. Pepper, "that a temper is a bad thing in a woman?" "Certainly not, ma'am," replied a gallant philosopher; "it is a good thing, and she ought never to lose it."—*Exchange.*

"My German friend, how long have you been married?" "Vell, dis is a ding dat I seldom don't like to talk apout, but ven I does, it seems so long as it never vas."

An old miser having listened to a powerful discourse on charity, said: "That sermon so strongly moves the necessity of almsgiving that I've almost a mind to beg."

After an enthusiastic lover spends two hours' hard labor over a letter to his girl, and then mars its beauty by spilling a drop of ink on it, he first swears in a very scientific manner for a few moments, and then draws a circle around the blot and tells her it is a kiss.

"Fact is," said Smith, "I intended to return your book a month ago; but Brown saw it on my table, and he begged so hard that I lent it to him. Just as soon as he returns it I'll bring it home." "I see," said Robinson, more in sorrow than in anger, "this is a case of bookeeping by double lentry."—*Boston Transcript.*

Captain Eads has discovered a St. Louis girl's shoe at the bottom of the river near his jetties, and it is to Congress doesn't allow him an extra million to raise it, he vows he will let it stay there and ruin commerce.

Saucissenkaroffelbruchsauerkrautkrautzwurst is a favorite German dish. *Ex.* A railroad traveler, who had "five minutes for refreshments," undertook to call for a plate of "Saucissenkartoffelbruchssauerkrautkranswuurst," and the train was at the next station, 20 miles distant, before he had the dish half named.—*Norristown Herald.*

A man in San Francisco fell down stairs and broke his neck. "We find," says the jury in the case, "that he came to his death from the Mongolian horde which is overrunning our beloved land, and we recommend the arrest of every accursed pigtail the police can lay their hands on."

An intoxicated man saw two street cars passing him with red and blue lights in the front and rear. His fuddled brain comprehended colored lights, and he was heard to say to himself: "Must be pretty sick—sickly here; they are running chemists' shops about on wheels."

As some lady visitors were going through a penitentiary under the escort of a superintendent they came to a room in which three women were sewing. "Dear me!" one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?" Because they have no other home; this is our sitting room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly answered the superintendent.

The Sunday School.

The Need of God's Spirit.

LESSON 11, SUNDAY, JUNE 15, 1879.

GOLDEN TEXT:—Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.—Zech, 4: 6.

LESSON TEXT.

Zech. 4: 1 14.

1. And the angel that talked with me came again, and waked me, as a man that is awakened out of his sleep. 2 And said unto me, What seest thou? And I said, I have looked, and behold a candlestick of gold, with a bowl upon the top of it, and his seven lamps thereon, and seven pipes to the seven lamps, which are upon the top thereof: 3. And two olive trees by it, one upon the right side of the bowl, and the other upon the left side thereof. 4. So I answered and spake to the angel that talked with me saying, What are these, my Lord? 5. Then the angel that talked with me answered and said unto me, Knowest thou not what these be? And I said, No, my Lord. 6, Then he answered and spake unto me, saying, This is the word of the Lord unto Zerubbabel, saying, Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts. 7, What are thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain: And he shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shouting, crying, Grace, grace unto it. 8. Moreover the word of the Lord comes unto me, saying, 9. The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house; his hands shall also finish it; and thou shalt know that the Lord of hosts hath sent me unto you. 10 For what hath despised the day of small things? for they shall rejoice, and shall see the plummet in the hand of Zerubbabel with those seven; they are the eyes of the Lord, which run to and fro through the whole earth. 11. Then answered I, and said unto him, What are these two olive trees upon the right side of the candlestick and upon the left side thereof? 12. And I answered again, and said unto him, What be these two olive branches, which through the golden pipes empty the golden oil out of themselves? 13. And he answered me and said, Knowest thou not what these be? And I said, No, my Lord. 14. Then said he, These are the two anointed ones, that stand by the Lord of the whole earth.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

The angel that talked with me came again and waked me as man that is waked out of his sleep (v. 1). It is not always the preacher's fault that his hearers go to sleep. Paul was more than an average sermonizer; but he couldn't keep all his congregation awake until his service was through with. And here it seems that a prophet needed a morning, while an angel was preaching to him. It is the weakness of the flesh that lead to any such sleeping; but it is a weakness that is surer to show itself in religious exercises than anywhere else. Men who would keep awake in a theatre to hear Pinafore from beginning to end, or who would never dose while there was a chance to make money in sharp competition, have been known to snore or nod in sermon time. It seems that this angel was able to arouse his hearer. There he was superior to the ordinary preacher.

And said, What seest thou? (v. 2) There is nothing like a plain question to force attention on a half-asleep or a newly awaked hearer. If you have anything to show a sluggish scholar don't begin by telling him what it is: but ask him what he sees. This is the best way in the world to interest the youngest children in any picture you may show them. Ask them what they see there; or if they can point out in it a horse, or a dog, or a house or a man. This gives them something to do, and sets all their faculties at work in its doing. And the same plan is the one for Bible study and teaching. Ask your scholars to look at the text, and say what they find in it. Don't tell them anything until you find what they can tell you. They will learn most in this way; and you may learn more than you think for.

And I said, I have looked, and behold.—When you are asked to look by any one who is worth heeding, by all means look. You must not expect to see without looking. If you do look you are quite likely to behold. Above all is this true in the things which God shows. The more you look into God's word, the more you will see there. The trouble with those who see nothing wonderful in the Bible is that they haven't looked. The same is true of God's providences. Those who look for mercies, for special leadings, for answers to prayer, behold them. It is those who sneer at such things, and refuse to look into them, who behold nothing of the sort—who, having eyes see not. The looking is essential to the beholding.

I answered, What are these, my Lord (v. 4.) If we want to learn, we must ask questions as well as answer them. Whoever is willing to be a teacher is willing to be questioned. We need never fear giving offense by questioning in a proper spirit those who are teaching us. We can even ask questions of God, ask him what our duty is, ask him how to do what we have to do, ask him to tell us whatever we need to know or to do in his service, and he will give us an answer. It is very certain that we can never gain the wisdom we ought to have without asking questions. It is a foolish pride or a culpable neglect which would keep us from this mode of acquirement.

Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, with the Lord of hosts (v. 6). It is hard work for Christians to accept this as practical truth in ordinary religious activities. They will think that a church is stronger for having wealthy members; that 50 rich men and women—with the average spirituality of the rich—are worth more just there for the "support of the gospel," and the extension of Christ's kingdom, than one plain man or one poor woman full of the Holy Ghost, praying and working in that field. They cannot but feel that costly buildings, eloquent preaching, fine music, and large congregations have a good deal to do with church efficiency. Good rooms and improved machinery are supposed, by some excellent people, to be really essential to a first-class Sunday-school. And at all events the normal class, and the teachers'-meeting, and the best lesson helps, are counted no unimportant sources of power, for the Spirit's work. Unless they are used by the Spirit, they amount to nothing for Christ's cause. No Bible study, no Sunday-school teaching, no preaching, or praying, or giving, are of any account except as they are made effective by the Holy Spirit. Do you always realize that?

O great mountain! before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain (v. 7) It has been well said, that "it is a great deal better to have the faith that shall move mountains, than to keep an expensive corps of engineers to tunnel them." The Lord is ready to cast any mountain into the sea when it stands in the way of his children's duty; if only he is confidentially asked to do so. He is doing that very thing continually. Whether it be a mountain of temptation, of opposition, of poverty, of ignorance, of sickness, of sorrow; whatever it be, nature, Satan, or life, it shall become a plain if duty to him who is a loving, trustful follower of Jesus, and who needs to pass that way.

The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house; his hands shall also finish it (v. 9). God honors those who honor him. Although he never needs their help, he accepts their service, and approves the spirit which prompt them to offer it. If a man, from right motives, takes hold to start a Sunday-school, to build a church, or to found a college, God is quite likely to give him a success in it beyond all human probability. One thing is very certain, if a man never takes hold of a work, he will never be enabled to finish a work. The surest way of having God's blessing in doing a good thing is by beginning to do a good thing, and sticking at it.

These two olive branches, which through the golden pipes empty the golden oil out of themselves (v. 12). Pipes are of service only when they are in connection with a source of supply. The best plumbing in the world, with draw pipes and faucets in every room in the house, wouldn't enable you to secure a single gleam of water for a thirsty child unless the connection was made with the street mains, which in their turn were connected with the reservoir. You who are in church or Sunday-school work, have this truth in mind! If you would be a means of spiritual supply to any, keep up your connection with the spiritual reservoir, and if you are to empty the golden oil of truth, of love, or of faith out of yourself into needy and longing hearts, you must first have that golden oil in yourself. You cannot give what you do not have. You cannot teach what you do not know. You cannot empty that which has nothing in it. What prospect is there of golden oil from your ministrations?—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

How this world does progress, to be sure. A quarter of a century ago such a thing as a "shoe artist" or a "professor of the tonsorial art" was unknown. We had to worry along with shoemakers and barbers.—*Norristown Herald.*

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

Druggists all keep the great beautifier, "Champlin's Liquid Pearl." CHAMPLIN & CO., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

THRESHING MACHINERY

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.,

Battle Creek, Mich.

ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE

"VIBRATOR"

THRESHING MACHINERY.

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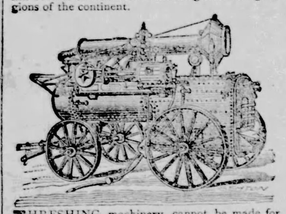
OUR "VIBRATOR" Threshers and Portable Engines embody the best results of our experience and study during our long business career. Whatever would add to their durability, efficiency, and solid excellence, in any particular, has been eagerly seized upon and utilized without regard to labor or expense.

IN this connection it will be pertinent and timely to warn the public against Cheap Threshers and Cheap Portable Engines. The superiority of our machinery, in all particulars, is now so generally acknowledged that our competitors have no resource but to present the attraction of low prices and long credit. Their goods being inferior, they have to sell them for what they can get. Times are hard; and purchasers, without fully considering the subject, will sometimes allow a lower price to decide them. Manufacturers of cheap machines are so set on carrying out competion to its utmost—competition of Cheapness, not of Excellence—that they meet "bargain hunters" half way, and furnish them cheerfully with inferior machines at the cheap rate they are asked for.

WE are much mistaken if this is what the public wants or expects of us. Good machinery cannot be made when neither workman nor employer has pride in his occupation; interest and pleasure in the work are both wanting, and both are essential in making good machinery.

OUR mission and business is, to build Threshing Machinery of the Highest Excellence, whatever the cost, and, holding firmly to this single purpose, we have added improvement after improvement, until the reputation of our Machines has become co-extensive with the grain-raising regions of the continent.



THRESHING machinery cannot be made for nothing, even with the aid of machinery. Our prices are as low as they ought to be, and, without doubt, as low as they ever will be. Do not be decoyed with mere cheapness—quality always proceeds faster than price. Low rates especially in Threshers and Portable Engines, means Low Quality, with Low Performance and High Repairs.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.,
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MISCELLANEOUS.

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DR. J. A. SHERMAN is now at his branch office; 5 South Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo., where his patients and those wishing his treatment may consult him during the months of May and June. His book, with photographs of bad cases before and after cure, mailed for 10 cents. Will be at principal office, 251 Broadway, New York, July and August.

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has been longer engaged in the special treatment of all Venerial Diseases than any other physician in St. Louis, as city papers show, and all old residents know

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE COMPANY,

PROPRIETORS.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1879.

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Address THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

Circulation this week, 91,200

This week 91,200 *bonafide* subscribers read the BLADE. It may be safely alleged that not another weekly paper in the country combines as many special features of attraction as does the BLADE. No matter what may be a man's or a woman's individual tastes, he or she is sure to find in the BLADE some department or portion of the paper which meets his own particular wants and gives him the very things which he seeks in a newspaper. Beyond this the BLADE is very highly prized by subscribers, because it carefully guards its reading matter space from the encroachments of advertising. It has always been and still is the policy of the paper while it might fill columns of its space with advertisements which would bring it a considerable income and make large business for the advertiser, to content itself with smaller income from this source, and to look to its increased subscription lists to make up the difference. Beyond this, it will be evident to the most casual observer that no one reaps so large a benefit from this arrangement as does the advertiser himself. For it follows that no matter where his advertisement may be placed the proportion of advertising to reading matter is so small as to make it always prominent. This is one of the hitherto secret reasons why a good advertisement in the BLADE always attracts so much attention, and always pays so well in proportion to the investment.

OUR NEW DRESS.

We have a sincere sense of gratification in stating that the dress which was ordered for the BLADE has just arrived, and that the issue of June 12 th will appear in new type throughout. With all its excellent features, which are many, the BLADE has labored under a serious disadvantage during the past six months, with persons whose eyesight is impaired by age, or those who are compelled to read by feeble light. A great many of our old and valued subscribers have called our attention to the imperfect character of the print caused by the severe usage which type naturally receives in printing so large an edition, and to the size of the type itself asking if it could not be exchanged for that which should prove better adapted to their needs.

These suggestions and requests our old subscribers have been very carefully considered, and after giving the matter no small amount of time and thought we at last succeeded in arranging for the manufacture, *especially to our order*, of an outfit of type which we are satisfied cannot fail to please every reader of the paper. All the editorial, correspondence, telegraph and general miscellany will be set in type one size larger than that now employed, and the printing will be done with an improved quality of ink which, on better paper than that used for a portion of the past few months will leave nothing to be desired. We wish it understood that in these arrangements we have spared no expense necessary to add to the convenience and comfort of our readers, and believe that the NEW BLADE will be the most attractive paper of its kind now published. Meantime should the subscription of any of our present readers expire with this issue, they are invited to send a card for a specimen copy of the NEW BLADE, which will be most cheerfully mailed them free of charge.

OUR Catalogue of new books will be ready not later than June 15. Send for a copy.

THE politicians of the South who bent every energy to solidify their section against the North, are the ones who reopened sectional strife.

WATERLOO *Observer:* Perpetual motion has at last been accomplished. Indianapolis has a female section and now one tells tells the other.

WILLIAM ALLEN positively refuses under any circumstances to rise up for any party or coalition of parties. The old gentleman is becoming sensible in his later moments.

CINCINNATI is making gradual progress toward being the Paris of America. A lady there recently told Miss Dodge, the cooking teacher, that she considered it as important to know how to cook as to teach the gospel.

PELTON and WARD have been seen, several times lately, in close consultation, and that, too, not far from Gramercy Park. Something should be done immediately to protect that dear confiding old man TILDEN, from becoming a victim to their nefarious wiles again.

SINGULAR how political conditions will change climates. Twenty-five years ago, when the Southerners wanted to force slavery on Kansas, it was represented as the most salutary spot in the Nation for the negro. Now, when the negro wants to go there of his own accord, it is full of lizards, and other life destroying climate influences.

THE Syracuse *Journal* says that the wife of Gen. SHERMAN rebuked an unmannerly couple for carrying on a disturbing conversation in the gallery of the House the other day. Her brother, Gen. EWING, was speaking on the floor, and she tried to hear him but could not through their constant chatter. She drew near and calmly said: "I could hear more of what my brother is saying if I could hear less of your conversation." It is quite possible, however, that what the couple was saying was fully as instructive and sensible as what "my brother" was saying, and that Mrs. SHERMAN's indignation was principally that any one should show indifference to the utterances of a EWING.

CURRENT EVENTS.

It will doubtless be gratifying to the readers of the BLADE to know that the Ways and Means Committee of the House have reported a resolution fixing the date for the adjournment of Congress for June 10th. Whether such a resolution can be adopted is doubtful so long as the Confederates in Congress adhere to their insane and suicidal policy of forcing obnoxious legislation upon the Administration.

The President was as good as his promise in regard to the Legislative, Judicial and Executive Appropriation bill, and his veto message was sent to Congress on Thursday of last week. The message (which we publish in full elsewhere) is clear and explicit, and goes at length into the reasons why the proposed law is both unconstitutional and illegal. He calls particular attention to the inconsistency of a bill which recognizes that congressional elections are national and not State elections, and which recognizes the authority and duty of the United States to appoint supervisors to guard and scrutinize congressional elections, but denies to the Government all power to make its supervision effectual. He shows that the laws providing for personal supervision of such elections have been in force for eight years, that they have been instrumental in exposing and preventing fraud in all parts of the Union, and that no judge has been found anywhere to question their constitutionality. He closes by saying that he cannot give his consent to their repeal till they have been replaced by laws calculated to afford wiser and more efficient safeguards for free and honest Congressional elections.

An attempt has been made in certain quarters to fix upon the administration a charge of having advised and stimulated an organized movement to aid in removing the blacks from the South. In an interview on Wednesday of last week, the President distinctly stated that he had advised no such movement. He declared however, that the navigations of the Mississippi should be kept free and open, and that every citizen either white or colored has a perfect right to migrate from one portion of the country to the other at any time he saw fit to do so.

Some very interesting statistics are given in the report of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington for the 10 months ending April 30th. From these it appears that the exports over imports of merchandize were, for the 10 months ending April 30, 1879, $241,443,623; for the same period in 1878, $227,042,087; for the 12 months ending April 30, 1879; they were $272,216,770; for the year 1878 they were $221,680,013. These figures show a very satisfactory condition of our foreign trade.

The public debt statement, for the month ending May 31st, shows an increase of debt for May to be $62,250. Cash in Treasury, $430,301,197; Gold certificates, $15,413,700; Silver certificates, $2,366,960; certificates of deposit outstanding, $2,679,500; refunding certificates, $28,723,660; legal tenders outstanding, $346,681,016. Fractional currency outstanding, $15,877,777; Attention is called by the Treasury Department to the fact that the public debt statement includes not only the called bonds but the new bonds issued to redeem them. The amount of cash on hand shows the money received for the new bonds and therefore should be deducted from the aggregate of the bonds. The debt statement of August next, after the called bonds are paid, will show the actual condition of the Treasury.

The funeral of the late WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON was held at Roxbury, Mass., on the 28th ult. An address was made by WENDELL PHILLIPS, and a number of prominent and distinguished anti-slavery pioneers took part in the exercises of the occasion.

Our dispatches show that "Decoration Day" was more generally observed this year than for many years past. At New York especially the preparations were more elaborate, the demonstrations more extensive than had been known for years. At Arlington and Gettysburg, thousands of people participated, at New Orleans the decoration services were attended by a large number of ex Confederates. Another very noticeable feature of the day was the very general suspension of business at nearly all the large cities of the country.

The Ohio State Republican Convention held in Cincinnati on the 28th ult., resulted in the choice of Hon. CHARLES FOSTER, of Seneca County, as candidate for Governor, with Gen. A. J. HICKENLOOPER, of Cincinnati, as candidate for Lieut-Governor. The Convention was one of the largest and most enthusiastic held in the State for years, and the ticket meets with a most cordial indorsement from the entire Republican party. The platform, which we give elsewhere, is full of ringing utterances which show that on all important questions the party will enter the coming campaign as a unit.

The Democrats of Ohio and the Nationals both met in Columbus in State Convention on yesterday. We are obliged to close our forms before the result reaches us, but indications at this writing point strongly to the nomination by the Democrats of either RICE or BISHOP, with the chances in favor of the former. It is alleged that THURMAN will not be a candidate unless it is necessary to bring him forward to defeat BISHOP, and that Gen. EWING is virtually out of the race. So far as the Nationals are concerned, the party seems to be about evenly divided between the coalition and anti-coalition elements. For either ALLEN or EWING to be nominated by the Democrats, it is probable that he would draw very largely from the ranks of the Greenback party in Ohio.

A dispatch from Ottawa, Iowa, says that Gen. JAMES SHIELDS late United States Senator from Missouri, died suddenly in that city at 1:30 Monday evening. General SHIELDS was borne in Tyrone County, Ireland, in 1810, and emigrated to the United States about 1826. He served in the Mexican war in 1846-47, and was elected a Senator of the United States by the Legislature of Illinois in 1849. In 1857 he was elected to the Senate from the State of Minnesota. He commanded the division which defeated STONEWALL JACKSON near Winchester, March 23, 1862. On the first of January this year, Gen. SHIELDS was elected to the United States Senate from Missouri, to fill the remaining portion of the term of the late Senator BOGY.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, the Executive Committee of the Honest-Money League, which was organized in that City last week have resolved to make a thorough canvass of Ohio and organize a similar association in each county. The campaign will be regularly opened at Columbus immediately after the Democratic and Greenback Conventions adjourned.

UNITED STATES CARRYING TRADE.

It is a well-known fact that a large proportion of our exports are sent abroad not in American vessels, but in those from other countries, and in New York harbor to-day the majority of carrying ships are those which go under foreign flags.

Years ago the maritime position of the United States was second to no Nation in the world. Even England was filled with astonishment at the feats performed by our ships, and modeled her navy after ours, although we have retained the supremacy, as regards the model, equipment and management of sailing vessels. But steam has so far superceded these, that superiority in that respect will not give the United States the command of the seas, and it is largely because enterprise in the building of strong, substantial steamships has failed, that the Nation has fallen behind in the conduct of its own commerce upon the ocean.

A writer in the May number of the International *Review* enters into this subject at length, endeavoring to arouse the pride and energy of the people of this country to an appreciation of what is necessary to be done in order not to become a mere looker on in the great enterprises of the day. He traces the causes of the gradual falling behind of the American Ocean Commerce, and attributes it, not to the civil conflicts, which, of course, was a disturbing influence, and caused a great distruction and waste of property, but to the neglect of the navigating interests produced by the turning of attention to the development and improvement of internal communications, and domestic resources.

England, meanwhile, had perceived not only the great advantage of steam for carrying purposes but had also extensively used iron for building instead of wood, as being the best and most economical material, and the "grand result was a vast fleet of iron sailing ships, and many lines of large, substantial, well found and well managed ocean steamers, running to all parts of the world." These steamers, it has been found by experience, can carry heavy freight as safely as sailing vessels, and making a more rapid passage, at a less rate of insurance upon the cargo, they take the business even at higher rates of freight. As a consequence, attention was turned to the constructing of iron steamships built for the general carrying trade only, and in the latter part of last year England had over 150 of these steamers in process of building, at the same time but seven sailing vessels were on the stocks, and those were of iron.

These things go to show that the day of wooden sailing vessels is past, and the writer earnestly foreshadows the future of commerce which depends upon them when he says that it will be crowded from the highways by this new class of craft, in the production and us of which England now seems to take the lead. As an evidence of the profit of her carrying trade the following fact is stated:

For 19 consecutive years the annual excess of imports over exports has been $300,000,000, and yet by the carryings of her tonnage employed in the transportation of her own exports and imports, her international mercantile account has been kept balanced through all of these years. Add to this the profit derived from her passenger trade, and from her vessels engaged exclusively in the foreign carrying trade, and some idea may be gained of the immense revenue derived from this source by England.

The magnitude of this interest, as the writer of the article referred to well says is such that it "should receive the earnest and prompt support of the national Government and the people of every section of the Union." And there is no time to be lost, if, as a nation, we desire to take the position in international traffic that our wealth, agricultural and manufactured productions entitle us to hold.

SICILY'S NEW OBSERVATORY.

Long years ago, years that multiply into centuries, Sicily was one of the great granaries of Rome, and the home of a highly cultivated people who loved poetry and art, and had made great progress therein. Then there came years of misrule, and the result was the degradation of the inhabitants, who were under the control of an organized banditti, that secured the whole country to the discomfort of all travelers, and even held Palermo itself in fear of their incursions.

Lately the Italian Government has bestirred itself and made vigorous efforts to suppress brigandage, with excellent effect, so that now the island is comparatively free from its presence, and trade, agriculture and commerce is rapidly reviving. The sides and slopes of Etna are exceedingly fertile and support a population of 300,000 persons, who live in a garden spot of the world.

In 1811 the English built a small observatory at the base of the cone of the great crater of the volcano, but afterwards it was neglected and became a partial ruin. Now, however, it is to be rebuilt upon a grand scale. The best astronomers of Europe are there to take observations of the starry heavens, and there is little doubt but that it will become again through its associations with future discoveries as brilliantly historic as it has been in the past. It is excellently well situated for the purpose for which it is built. The site is elevated and the air clear, pure and exhilerating. The building will be made strong and substantial, and it will be furnished with the finest instruments that the world can afford. Then, presided over by men of science, Sicily will be as renowned, in years to come, for the brilliant observations made from her mountain observatory, as she has been years agone for the culture of her inhabitants

A BALTIMORE minister has discovered a new way of doing things, which, however, has not proved a perfect success, but as it discovers a considerable amount of ministeral pluck and ingenuity it deserves recording. The pew holders had been delinquent in the payment of their rents for several months, and their pastor felt that some decided step must be taken in order to make them settle. Accordingly he ordered their pews nailed up, so that none could make an entrance therein. The following Sunday, all unsuspecting of what was in store for them, the holders marched into church with their families, and found themselves unable to occupy their pews. Dire indignation followed upon the first astonishment, and they forthwith walked away, saying that they cared not if every pew in the sanctuary was nailed up and remained in that condition. The money is not paid, and the pastor mourns over his absent flock.

NOTHING in this Congress's life will so become it as the leaving of it.

THE SURRENDER ON THE SILVER BILL.

The formal adoption of the Warner iniquity by the caucus fully commits the Democratic party to that idiocy in its foolish entirely. It can not be possible that any leading member of the party believes the measure to be anything but baneful, because such a belief would be inconsistent with even enough brains to constitute a man a Democratic leader. Though a member train under the captaincy of SPRINGER, EWING and WARNER, it does not follow that he is ignorant of the elementary principles of political economy, and there are, in reality, many on the Democratic side of the House who have both knowledge and convictions.

These make them understand and feel that the success of such a measure as the WARNER bill will be attended by the most terrible consequences to the rapidly reviving business of the country. Yet they yield even these at the command of the Caucus, and vote for that against which every dictate of reason revolted. Party policy is a higher consideration with them than any vital interest of the country. As long as party policy and the welfare of the country do not conflict, then they are willing to foster the latter, but when they antagonize, then the country must take care of itself, because the party must be protected at all hazards.

THE SITUATION IN RUSSIA.

Many things which are of almost daily occurrence in Russia, cause the most intense surprise in the United States, and show to this Nation better perhaps than aught else, the difference between a Republic and an Autocracy. The perfectly arbitrary power exerted by the Government, and acquiesced in by the greater part of the people is something that can hardly be comprehended by a nation accustomed to such a different order of things. The present condition is of course somewhat anomalous even for Russia, and consequent upon the rapid spread and power of Nihilism.

The first Nihilist societies were formed by students as long ago as 1859, upon ideas obtained in a book called "Forms and Matter," by BUCHNER. Another German work called "Property and the Individual," and BUCKLE'S "History of Civilization" are quoted by the Nihilists as giving to them their peculiar doctrines. The students of the Agricultural College of Petroski, near Moscow, led off in the matter. Had the Government not treated these students with such extreme severity, in many cases confining innocent young men in prison without a trial, it is not probable that it would have gained ground with the rapidity which recent events show.

Some of the incidents occurring are very peculiar. Not long ago a physician of high standing was arrested upon suspicion and imprisoned, and his sister, a nun, and the principal of the Convent School which is under the especial patronage of the Grand Duchess Catherine was also arrested. The Grand Duchess, hearing that the directors of her school was imprisoned, sent her private Secretary to ascertain the cause. He was immediately dispatched to prison. Not returning, his mistress sent an attendant to look after her Secretary. He too, was at once sent under arrest, and it was not until the Grand Duchess notified the police of the disappearance of these persons, and desired their whereabouts to be ascertained, that they were released. The whole difficulty arose from their inquiring about the sister of a suspected person.

The *Agence Russe* attributes the whole trouble to the laxity of family discipline, and the entire lack of religious and moral training. It says that the young think themselves superior to their elders, and endeavor to show their superiority by prating about weariness of life, and voicing transcendental theories; that there is a race of pedants who can pull down but know not how to build up, and discontented and envious they seek to drag society down to their level.

Not long ago the BLADE gave an account of the paper which is one of the principal organs of the Nihilists, relating how utterly impossible it had been thus far to discover where and by whom it was printed. Lately the efforts of the police have been crowned with success. The discovery was made by means of the type with which the last number was printed. It was recognized as of a special make sold only by one firm. The firm in answer to the questions of the police stated that the last purchasers of that type were the managers of the printing of the Ministry of Communications and further inquiry showed that a number of the compositors in that department were Nihilists and had used the type for printing the revolutionary journal. The police succeeded in seizing 7,000 copies of the issue which had not yet been distributed.

AN OLD CASE.

A suit involving an interesting question has been pending against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for 12 years, and is now before the Supreme Court on a second appeal from a judgment in the plaintiff's favor. The circumstances are as follows:

"On March 11, 1862, the plaintiff and his family were about to start for Chicago from Philadelphia. He went to the baggage room of the railroad depot to have his baggage checked, and was there told that he must first obtain passenger tickets. When he had procured the tickets and returned to the baggage-room he was told his trunks had been put on the train, and was asked to pay for an excess of luggage. Considering the sum asked excessive, he refused to pay it, and demanded that the trunks should be taken from the train. This demand was refused on the ground that it would be inconvenient to remove the luggage as the train was about to start. The trunks were carried on to Chicago, where they were destroyed in a fire that burned the Pennsylvania Railroad depot on the night of March 13, 1862. Mr. McCormick brought suit in 1867 for damages for the conversion of his property. The case was tried in 1869, and Judge Sutherland, then on the Supreme Court bench, charged that there had been a conversion of the plaintiff's property, and ordered the jury to assess the damages, which they did at $10,660 61. To this sum were added costs amounting to $1,000."

The judgment was affirmed and the case was carried to the Court of Appeals, and a new trial was ordered, which again resulted in favor of the plaintiff, and now an appeal is made from this judgment. The question turns upon the question of the conversion of the property. How it will be again decided remains to be seen.

THE New York *World* defines this as "an indissoluble Union of indestructible States." Why not "an indestructible *Nation* with constitutionally defined integers?"

OLD SOLDIERS' COLUMN.

Very Opportune.

To the Author of "Andersonville."

Permit me to thank you for the Andersonville sketches. Your sketches are very opportune. They appear while the very men who failed in overthrowing the Union by force of arms, are now seeking to do the same thing in a secret manner. Too much light can not be thrown on the past conduct of such men as Chalmers, the hero of the Fort Pillow massacre, the very recital of which brings a blush to every true American citizen. And to think that after the leniency shown these arch-rebels, by our Government, they again strive to overthrow what our boys in blue, fought bled, and *starved* to death for. Dr. Blackburn, the yellow fever hero, or friend says, "We do not intend to stop until we have stricken the last vestige of your War measures from the Statute book." His sentiments were shown in a very strong light by our gallant Congressman, Maj. McKinley, in his speech in the House, April 19. I was not a prisoner, but I saw enough while in Dixie to bear witness to the truth of the description of prison life given by you. Upon taking possession of Wilmington, I, with 20 others, was detailed to take charge of the rebel hospital at that place. To this day, I imagine I can see the emaciated forms of those starved prisoners. They were walking skeletons. I resolved, then and there, that no Rebel would ever take me prisoner. Subsequent observations at Salisbury confirmed me in my resolution. At Utoy Creek, near, Atlanta, part of our Brigade made a charge on the Rebel works, but was repulsed. This was on the 6th of August. Our wounded and dead lay for several days without any aid from us. In the meantime the Rebels stripped the wounded and dead of their clothing. One boy of Co. F had both eyes shot out, and when our forces took possession, he was alive, with thousands of maggots crawling in his wounds, and entirely naked. Go on with your expose, and publish it in book form. We want to show it to our children and friends, and let *them* judge of the suffering of Union boys. "One of Sherman's Boys."

HENRY M. PACKER.
Canton, Stark Co., O.

April 26, 1879.

Absorbing Interest.

To the Editor of the Toledo BLADE.

It is with absorbing interest I read the story entitled "Andersonville." I was a prisoner in Libby, Andersonville, Savannah and Millen prisons. I was captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 1st, 1864, and paroled at Savannah, Nov., 22, 1864. My weight when captured was 190 pounds, when paroled 100 pounds. Many of the incidents mentioned by the author are familiar to me, as having come under my own observation. I would speak of one instance, *and they were many*, to show what barbarous men had us in charge. One night I was awakened at midnight, by the sharp report of a rifle near me. I naturally sprung to my feet, and hurried to the spot from which the sound came, and beheld a sight which made my blood curdle in my veins. Two of our "brave boys" were sleeping together close to the dead line, and opposite a sentinel; one of the boys had crept cautiously out so as not to disturb his comrade, he accidentally got on to the dead line. The guard at once fired at him, but the bullet missed the mark and struck his sleeping comrade in the forehead, killing him instantly, and scattering his brains in every direction. I am glad the author is giving the history of the sufferings of the poor boys at Andersonville endured in that cursed miserable hole. I hope Andersonville will be published in book form, and that there will be a cheap edition within the reach of every person. I will do all in my power to have the books placed in every home in St. Lawrence County.

CHARLES HULL.
Co. E 106th New York Vol Inf.
Norwood, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

The Whole Truth Cannot be Told.

To the Editor of the BLADE:

I too, am one of the survivors of Andersonville and Florence prisons, and suffered untold misery at the hands of those fiends in human form, who had us in charge. I read the story of Andersonville, from week to week, and *know* the author tells *nothing but the truth*. It is not possible for him, or for any one to tell the story, and make it as bad as it was in reality. If he could make his readers hear the death moanings, and witness the terrible death struggles, of the horrid sight of men in all stages of idiocy; crazy, swearing men on one side, praying, singing men on the other, and all around the many varying incidents which occurred from day to day, as they came in their dreary monotonous rounds, his readers might comprehend something of our sufferings.

I say *no! no!* The readers of Andersonville can never comprehend its *hellishness* unless they know it by actual experience. I went into Andersonville with a gun-shot wound through my left lung. I escaped from Florence, and was chased by blood-hounds. I was recaptured and taken back. I did finally make my exit by strategy. Go on, Comrade, with your history. We all *want* your book.

J. S. HEALD,
Formerly 2d Lieut. Co. O, 115th O. V. I.
Hartford, Mich., May 5, 1879.

To the Editor of the Toledo BLADE:

I read "Andersonville" with much pleasure and also the letters of my comrades who have been incarcerated in those hells of the South, during the late "unpleasantness." I can assure the author he has not, in the slightest, misrepresented *the facts*, but has given them *exact*, as far as I am acquainted with the prisoners of the South. I *boarded* at Richmond during the Fall and Winter of 1863-64, and have seen the pure cussedness of that wing of the Democratic party which leads the Democracy of the North. To the author of "Andersonville" I say, go on, and God help you to contribute a careful history and a true one, to be read by coming generations. I wish all soldiers who were prisoners would write a short history of their life in those prison pens, giving their names, and branches of service, so that the world may know what Democracy has done before and since the war.

J. A. MOWRY,
Late of Co. E, 105th O. V. I.
Montville, Geauga Co., O., May 20.

He Left Hope Behind.

To the Editor of the Toledo BLADE:

I am highly interested in the "Andersonville" articles. I was captured near Richmond, Va., May 28, 1864, and was introduced to the hospitalities of Andersonville, June 9, 1864. As I entered the camp I remembered Dante's words, "Who enters here, leaves hope behind." We were informed that on July 4th we would have a big dinner. Our part of the camp had no dinner at all during the 4th, 5th and 6th of July. Twenty-nine of my regiment were confined at Andersonville, and only seven ever saw the old flag again.

S. B. NORTHWAY,
Late of Co. A, 6th O. V. C.
Greensburg, O., May 5, 1879.

An Old Soldier.

To the Editor of the Blade:

I am now a pensioner in consequence of wounds received at Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864. I read the history of Southern prisons with intense interest. I had hard marching and hard fighting, having participated in all the engagements through the "Wilderness" campaign, and in the Shenandoah Valley. I am very glad that Andersonville will be given to us in book form.

J. K. BRAWN,
Co. C, 6th Maryland Vol. Inf.
Fredericktown, O., May 15, 1879.

NASBY.

Mr Nasby and his Friends Discuss the Army Bill, and Deplore the Oppression the South is Groaning Under, and the North as Well.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky,)
June 2, 1879.

There wuz a sad meetin at Bascom's, the nite we heerd uv the President's veto uv the Army bill. A feelin uv gloom pervadid the room, and ther wuz a sadnis that wuz painfully vizable on every face. Deekin Pogram hed succeedid in borrerin two dollars uv a Northern vagabond wich wuz prospectin the Corners with a view uv startin a baggin mill, on Secesshun Crik, and but for that we should hev sunk under the new trubble that hed come upon us. The Deekin is libral when he hez the means, and so long ez that two dollars lestid we managed to keep up, wich we did for some time, likker bein reduced now to five cents. Ther wuz forty drinks in that sum, to say nuthin uv three rounds we got out uv Capt. McPelter, whose credit is not yit eggsaustid

"We shel hev a regiment at the poles here next fall," sighed the good old man, "and every cussid nigger in Libbertyville will vote, jist the same ez tho they wuz troo Kentuckians."

"Aint they troo Kentuckians?" asked Josef Bigler wich wuz present ez he alluz is when we don't want him. "Ain't they born on the soil, and don't the most uv em hev the best blood uv Kentucky courain thro ther vanes? The heft uv em are three-quarters white, and they must hev got it from Kentuckians, as none uv their mothers ever left the State."

We paid no attenshun to the ribald skoffer.

"Time wuz," sed Capt. M'Pelter, "when we hed it in our power to keep a Yankee from votin here, to say nothin uv niggers wich never dreemed uv sich a thing."

"Ah!" sed Issaker Gavitt, his eye litin up with a momentary enthoosiasm, "I remember in 1859, uv hangin a Yankee skool teacher who insistid on votin a Ablishn tikkit. The tree is still standin, and alluz shel stand ez a momentum uv days forever fled."

"We kin stand it," I remarkt, "For we are yoosed to bein ground down under the iron heel uv oppreshn."

"Never saw any soljers at the poles here," sed Bigler.

"We are yoost to bein ground down," I continyood, not heedin the interruppshen, "But alas fer our frends in the North! With soljers at the poles, and with the supervisor system continyood, wat will the Irish in Noo York do? Wat will the O'Briens and the O'Shaughnessys, and the hosts uv faithful Dimocrats wich vote from mornin till nite, do, when a Irankile Goverment interferes with glissnin steel to prevent em? Methinks I see the faithful patriot wich hez votid a dozen times langishin in a basteel, and for wat? Oh for the days uv Tilden and Hoiman, when the patriotic impulses uv a Irish citizen run and wuz glorified."

"It is thunderin bad," sed Joe. Bigler. "to think uv a lazy patriot like Claflin only votin wunst when Teddy O'Brien who puts in a whole day uv it, hez to be arrestid and basteeled. It is shockin."

"Wait till another Presedenshel electshun," sed Bascom. "Then the Dimocrisy will git its rites. There will be no ablishnist General in the Chare to interpose his veto. Then we shel hev wat we want. The confedrit soljers will hev ther penshuns, and our claimes for property destroyed by the Linkin's feends will be paid. I see a glorious prospeck!" sed Bascom his eye litin up very like a prophet's. "I see Confedrit soljers comin into this bar in droves and and eech uv em payin for ther drinks jist afore takin uv em, to prevent mistakes. I see the akkounts that yoo en hev bin runnin up doorin all these dark days balanced, and the money in the till. I see the credit system for drinks abolished and the corners come tack to cash on the nale, und no tick. I see—"

"Yes," sed I, being suddenly prophetised, "I see armies uv men employed in dredgin out Secession Crik, to make it navigable. I see a Custom House ez big ez that uv Noo York agoin up in the Corners, I see the Sathern Pacific Raleroade bilt, and I see a plank road from here to Secessionville with other internal improvements, too tejus to menshun, and every one uv em at the expense uv the Nashnal Goverment, with for the purpose only uv Suthern improvements, is a Nashun. And ez the North pays about nineteen-twentieths uv the taxis, there is where we shel hev our revenge. The North will pay and the South will reap the benefit uv it. Little did the North know wat it wuz a doin when it took us back."

"And I see," sed Issaker Gavitt, "the South in full control uv the Goverment to do ez it pleases with it. I see the Northern Dimocricy in ther proper places, askin us umbly wat we want. I see a Congris uv Suthern Brigadeers—I see Northern Congriemen apologisin for assistin in raisin troops to conker us, and bringin forth froots meet for repentance by givin us every thing we ask for. I see the Suthern soljer on a level with the Fedrel soljer, and a leetle ahed. I see the bloo takin orf im hat to the gray, and I see Dekorashen Day in the North abolished, tho for one, bein generus, I am willin ef they want to dekorate the graves uv ther ded, they may, ef they will do it in the nite, without any moosic, or parade, wich is offensive to us. I see—"

"I am a goin into the prophit biznis," sed Joe Bigler, only I am goin to propheesy backerds, wich is the safest. I see a Dimekratic party wich got into power by aksident, and hedn't sense enuff to keep its hold. I see a set uv unconscionable asses in the South who supoze that the North, wich eggregiously whaled us wunst, ain't jist ez ready to do it again. I see a secksun uv kentry populatid by a klass uv people wich don't know kindnis and mercy when they see it, and which mistakes clemency for cowardis. And to take a hand in spring into the futur, I see an electshin in Ohio this Fall, wich will clene out the Dimocrisy completely and pave the way for the electshun uv Grant in 1880, with a Congris behind him wich will take nuty good care that the South will git just wat she deserves and no more. I see the prinsiple uv States' Rites squelched, and the old Fedrel idee more firmly established than ever. I see the Corners remaining jist ez it is, unless the citizens exchange Bascom's bar for their corn feelds, and git to considerin a skool-house ez uv more importance than a quarter race-track. I see the niggers gittin out uv here, and leevin the kentry without labor, becoz the white citizens hevn't got sense enuff to recognise the fact that they are men and giv em the rites that blong to em. I see—but wat's the yoose. You never learn anything or forgit anything."

And after this depressin peece uv prophesy, Josef rolled off with the remerk that we wood find he wuz a troo prophet. Perhaps he is. But I got all I wanted to drink for an hour or two.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.
Depressit.

IT BACKS DOWN.

Unanimous Agreement of the Democratic Caucus to Pass the Appropriation Bill With a Proviso.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—The two advisory committees of the House and Senate Democratic caucuses held a joint meeting to day of four hours' duration and reached a substantially unanimous agreement as to the course of action that should be adopted by the dominant party in Congress without regard to appropriation bills. There were present Senators Thurman, Saulsbury, Kernan, Eaton, Bailey, Lamar, Voorhees and Vance, and Representatives Chalmers, Carlisle, Cox, Ewing, Springer, Atkins, Clymer, Reagan, Pneips and Bicknell. Judge Thurman presided. Messrs. Hampton and Goode were absent. After a very full interchange of views and especially a minute examination of the President's veto message in connection with the sundry existing statutes prohibiting interference by the army with elections, it was decided to recommend immediate passage of the bill making the usual appropriations for the support of the army throughout the next fiscal year, but containing a proviso that no portion of the money therein appropriated shall be used for pay, transportation, equipment, or subsistence of any troops used for police purposes to keep the peace at the polls. It was further decided to recommend the passage of the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial bill in substantially the same terms as last year's bill, and for the same amount, except they shall be more minutely specified, and except also it shall not make any provision for the pay of Supervisors or Deputy Marshals of elections.

The new bill will, however, contain a clause providing that no officer shall be appointed or obligation incurred for any object for which a specific appropriation shall not have been made by Congress. This clause is already on the statute books, with the exception of the words "or obligation incurred," and there is also an existing law, which prohibits the diversion of any appropriation to a purpose different from that for which it has been specifically made. The committees next agreed to recommend the passage of a separate measure embodying those sections of the vetoed appropriation bill which provides for amendments of the law concerning the method of drawing juries, and for the total abolition of the jurors' test oath. In view of the fact that the President in his veto message makes no comment on these provisions it is believed he will promptly approve that when presented to him by an independent bill. It was argued to day in behalf of the adoption of the program above outlined, that the President cannot justifiably withhold his signature from an appropriation bill merely because it omits to make provision for particular objects, and that in the anticipated event of his approving the present bills the Democrats will have accomplished for the next year exactly what they would have accomplished for an indefinite period of time by the former bills, and what they may continue to accomplish by similar legislation as long as they remain in power.

In response to an objection made by a few of those who participated in the meeting to-day that the adoption of this policy would be construed into a "back down" on the part of the Democracy, its advocates made the point that although there have been inflictual utterances in favor of withholding supplies in event of failure to secure the enactment of the political clauses originally embodied in the appropriation bills, it is not true that any such stand has been taken by authority of the party. On the contrary, the question whether such a stand should be taken has never been acted upon by a Democratic caucus of either branch of Congress, or by the Caucus Committee until this afternoon. The joint meeting was adjourned until Monday next, by which time the recommendations agreed upon will have been formulated by a sub-committee—Sens. Thurman, Eaton, Vance and Bailey, and Reps. Springer, Ewing and Reagan—and submitted for approval, preparatory to presentation to the joint caucus of the Democratic members of both Houses, which will probably be held Monday.

THE DEMOCRACY CONFUSED.

Jeering Remarks Made in the House, but the Opposition Apparently Capable of No Other Effort at Present—The Scene in the House—Comments.

By Telegraph to the New York Tribune.

WASHINGTON, May 29.—Although the veto message of the President returning the Legislative Appropriation bill has been expected for several days, it received greater attention in the House while being read to day than either of the messages which preceded it. More members were in their seats this morning than had appeared in the House for several days. When the Clerk began to read the message the members suddenly lost the languid air that has lately characterized them. Conversation ceased, and with few exceptions all listened closely to the reading.

The message was not long enough to weary the House. Towards its conclusion the passage referring to the frauds that were committed in New York City in 1868, and the extracts from the reports of Congressional Committees thereon, and on the election of 1876 elicited applause both among Republicans and Democrats. When the Clerk concluded the reading of the message there was loud and continued applause on the Republican side.

Some of the Democrats indulged in jeering remarks; and one Democratic member who had been studying a newspaper while the message was being read uttered a vulgar expression, which he afterward begged the newspaper reporters to suppress. He need not have feared that any decent newspaper would have printed the expression he used. Mr. Kennie, of Kentucky, and several other Democrats sarcastically asked for a second reading of the message.

The House refused to pass the bill by a vote of 112 to 91, not two-thirds in the affirmative.

Inquiries made among Democratic members of the House immediately after adjournment to day as to their future course, elicited the fact that the party is very badly demoralized and disorganized. A distinguished Northern Democratic Representative being asked what a caucus would be held, replied that he did not know or care, and that he thought Congress might as well go home.

An equally distinguished Southern Representative in reply to the same question, replied: "We are not going to hold another caucus at all. What do we want of another caucus?"

Mr. Mills, of Texas, said he did not know what course the Democrats would pursue. He is in favor of passing the appropriation bills before fixing any date for final adjournment, but he said that he is no longer taken into the councils of his party and does not know whether it will hold another caucus or what it will do.

Mr. Clark, of Missouri, said he had no idea what step would next be taken. These are fair examples of the replies of about 15 members scattered this afternoon and evening, and a majority of the 15 are influential members of the party.

It is almost certain that if a vote on the appropriation bills, without any riders or restrictive causes whatever, could be taken in the House to-morrow, they would pass, such is the state of demoralization into which the party has been thrown by recent events.

It is strongly believed that the reason a caucus is not held is because a dangerous family row is feared; and it is more than suspected that the same influence prevents even the Joint Caucus Committee from attempting to agree on any course of action. That committee is, however, according to the statement of one of its members this evening, booked to hold a meeting next Saturday, and an effort will then be made to reach a conclusion.

Mr. S. S. Cox says he thinks two separate bills, one repealing the jurors' test oath and the other repealing the election laws, will be passed and offered to the President. This opinion, he says is based on the action of the last caucus, which requires this to be done.

A TALK WITH CHARLES FOSTER

Prospects of his Election—Work of the Convention—The Possible Democratic Nominee for Governor—Presidential Candidates.

New York Tribune.

The Hon. Charles Foster, of Ohio, who started for the East immediately after receiving the nomination for Governor from the Republican Convention at Cincinnati, arrived in this City yesterday morning. He comes to discharge some business he had previously undertaken for an Ohio railway company. He was visited last evening at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and gave interesting statements of the contest within and without the convention, and of the circumstances which in his opinion, have materially strengthened the Republican party in Ohio, making success in October almost certain. Mr. Foster is a man of medium hight, thick set, with massive head and shoulders, and a genial, vigorous nature. On being asked what were the prospects of Republican success at the polls, he said:

"Three months ago the contest would have been very even and uncertain,

Correspondence.

For the BLADE.

MAKING THE MOST OF ONESELF.

KEEPING YOUTH.

Of physical cares which keep the vigor and spirits of youth in women long past the favored age of 25, two are pre-eminent, sleep and the bath. Of sleep it need only be said in addition to what has been said a ready, that it keeps off wrinkles and the faded look of the skin better than any other cosmetic and enlarges and gives brilliance to the eyes. Plenty of sound sleep wards off affections of the nerves, and especially diseases of the eye. It also has its effect on the hair, which is supposed to grow during gray hair are owing to late hours and excitement which exhaust the nerves, and withdraw stimulus from the glands of the head. Young women write asking what they shall do for their hair, which is turning gray at 25, and I see more than one dark haired girl preparing herself to sprinkle ashes on her head by the time she is 30, by being out after midnight five nights in a week. If there was any use in counsel, I would urge such a one to moderate her pleasures, for life would surely not miss any of its sweetness if she husbanded her roses and locks by going to only one party a week, to stay after 1 o'clock. It makes no difference whether she goes to a dance followed by a reception next night, an opera party and theater with late suppers afterward, or the milder dissipations of a Mite Society, a charity concert, and Mrs. A.'s conversation party, and a late sitting with friends in one's own parlor, or talking half the night with a confidential friend. Whatever wastes sleep, wastes the brain and vitality, drains the blood of color, and flesh, and features of charm. It may be questioned whether the loss of any such round of pleasure is not compensated by a fresh complexion at 35 and fascinating wit and spirits through life. But when a girl believes all her life lies within the bounds of 25, she will naturally be impelled to make the most of it, and small wonder if she fulfills her own fears, and leaves nothing for herself but withered energies and looks for the rest of her life.

The cold bath! How shall I speak its praises, who owe it so much, and have felt its kindly aid so often in restoring strength and brightness of feeling to a weary frame! Edith writes: "What shall I do to overcome this languid, tired feeling that drags one about in Spring days? I want to sleep all day long." Who has not known that deathly languor, when head and hands refuse their office, and life is a burden? It came the first day of Spring, and took all power of work out of me. It was impossible to think, and to go about the house took away my breath. I was on the point of giving up, thinking if this frightful state was to last the season, there was no use in hope or ambition. I went to take a bath to sleep easier, but there was no hot water. No matter, cold water would do, right from the well; anything better than this exhaustion. If Cinderella's godmother had touched the bath with her wand, granting me the change of identity in it, the magic would not have been greater. All drowsiness, ache and weariness was gone, and I came out of the ten-minutes' interruption as bright and ready for work as ever in my life. To think of the weary days of "Spring fever," the fainting heads of Summer, and the aching lassitude which constantly visits women, and which would disappear by use of the reviving cold bath, leads me to a little personal experience that may be suggestive to others in their own cases.

Three years ago I bade fair to realize the oft-repeated prophesy of doctors that without giving up work, I should be a confirmed invalid. Spine disease, aggravated by malaria and fever, threatened. The doctor ordered "she must keep the sofa for six months or she may have to keep it the rest of her life," and I kept it. When I couldn't keep off it, the order would have been gladly obeyed, but there are times when you might as well tell a woman to start for China as to give up the care of affairs and keep her bed. From the sofa to the writing table, the garden, the kitchen and back again was the hourly journey, varied with fatigue and sciatica. The world knows which write to me now. There was care which there was no one else to take, much to be done for the comfort and health of the family for which ordinary help never was or will be equal, and newspaper work that must be done. But I was equal to the care of the family and earned its support, by the help of two faithful friends, woman's best allies, sunshine and cold water. The cold bath, long great, life giving power, mainly helped me, in my weakness, when I used to lie hours on carpet and pillows spread on the rocks behind a hedge of sumach and wild roses above the garden, where the writing and revising and clipping exchanges was done, the strolling were minded, and the seeing done out of doors, for I grudged every hour spent out o' that scorching, resisting sunlight. Or else the hammock swung between two pear trees was my study, when I was able to sit up. Now that hammocks are so cheap, I wish every woman could have one, for they rest the body so completely, and are a constant temptation to be out in the air, and it is easy to get just the right slope in them that allows one to rest in the most comfortably while resting. The other great friend was the cold bath. The test of landlords had turned a large light closet into a bath room, indeed I made this a condition of taking the house at all, for without it I could not have brought through that Summer. The shining bath tub full of water fresh from the well, was the fountain of freshness and strength. Every morning for two good hours I made me feel well, and sometimes I tryed to get a day's work out of myself. I used to throw myself into the cold water three or four times a day, for the strength and stimulus it brought for a while. Neither sun nor bath could cure when every other atom of strength was used as fast as it came, but they supported and made every ounce of force available. When Charlotte Cushman had obtained her first opening in the Park Theatre for a week, the chance that was to make her future, and the only vacant time the theatre would promise her for a year, "while she was heading all her energies on rehearsal, with the perversity of human affairs, rheumatic fever seized her, a week before the date. It was enough to throw any woman but the dauntless Cushman into despair, but instead of giving up, she devoted herself to taking hot sulphur baths, as often as her physician would allow. She must have nearly parboiled herself, but she was cured in time to go, ear on the stage and make the beginning of her great success. She must have held hot baths in high esteem afterward, but no more than I held the cold plunge. It would be rash for a woman to adopt it till she had accustomed her system to free bathing, but there are many who would find in it a stimulus to counteract that fatal languor which is the death of life. There should be no lingering in the cold bath, the head should be thoroughly wet, and sluicing it with cold water prevents the hair from falling or losing its color. Arms and chest should be bathed in the cold water before making the plunge, in and out again, with delicious warmth rushing over the whole body almost before the foot touches the floor. If this reaction does not follow immediately, it shows that one is not able to bear the bath.

But for those not fatally run down, there is no preservative of vigor and nerve, and consequently of youth, as the bath, cold in Summer and warm in Winter. A woman who was taught to begin the habit of bathing, living in sunlight, with generous diet from the time she was 17, need not know she was no longer young till she was past 50. But, alas! such is the disorder of our highly refined society, that she might far easier go through a university course and take her degree in three classes, than obtain those simple necessary conditions. Some one was good enough to say in this paper a few weeks since that I thought women were only fit to be in the kitchen. It is a sweet to find people [illegible] other than you do yourself, but I believe I thought that common clever women could learn how to order the affairs of their household in all necessary things, food, clothes and cleanliness, so as to have them in the best degree, and not neglect other desirable things with the least effort. The women capable of doing this are the very ones who have time and the keenest appreciation for what is tasteful and worthy.

With observation and experience of life, every year the conviction grows stronger that the methods of family work might be simplified and improved so that it would not occupy one-half the time it now does, even with good managers. Let women compare their own experiences in this. Every town has one or two women who by gift of faculty, which means simply knowing how to do other's work, will accomplish twice the amount for their families and society with one-half the labor others waste on it. And these capable women are not always the strongest or healthiest, either. They understand two things, how to do their work, and how to be good to themselves, which is the secret of keeping young. No cosmetics, no pastes or toilet masks will do so much to refresh the complexion and give the face that quickness and sweetness of expression as the calmness of work well done in which one's whole heart has been put, and which is the stamp of eternal youth. An enthusiasm for work is the one passion which never fails of fulfilment and which satisfies one fully, and with an ambitious mind, knowing how to do one thing well is but the prelude to learning another still later. I have seen celebrated beauties who took great pains to preserve their looks, who, like Maria Brooks, the modern Sappho, "reverenced their own personal charms," and, like her, were never seen without white kid gloves, but they failed to look young. They had no object in life but themselves, to keep their complexions from fading, their manners up to an ideal standard, which it was their study to refine to an impracticable degree, like the lady who held that strawberries and cream were the only food of which it was not vulgar to partake. These with plans and settlements for their own undisturbed serenity and advancement, added to the ambition of impressing everybody they meet, filled the minds and hours of women whom society flattered and courted and gifted with fancied virtues to match their personal attractions. George Eliot's Gwendoline Harleth is a type of the most interesting of such women who mingle a little intelligence of art and culture with their self-devotion. But the ordinary fine woman is content to let her aims centre in her toilet, her manners and her face. The women who left an impress on history by their long sway over society had gifts and intentions passing beyond personal gratification. They were queens who had the cares of kingdoms and administered their powers wisely, or noble chatelaines who ordered the keeping of the castle, and the sowing of the fields about it, and led and clothed their dependents more like the matron of charitable establishments than our idea o games of rank, girt with gems and passing time between their mass book, their troubadours and their embroidery. Dame of Poictiers, who bewitched kings when she was past 60 by her freshness, which seemed always that of a young girl, was not only fond of hawking and hunting, but a good administrator of business, and shrewd in political affairs. She fed on bodies of strawberries and cream, but on good grains and beef and burgundy, and her habit, as long as she lived, was to take a cold bath on rising, in an age when bathing was not held essential for health or neatness, spring into her saddle and gallop afield for two hours before breakfast, and return to business. Madame de Pompadour, was no mere, the greatest beauty of France, but a sagacious and public spirited woman, the patroness of the finest arts, to whom Europe owed much of its advance from the semi barbarism of the middle ages. The most charming figures when all the causes of later times were not women who lived for themselves only. Mary Stuart's gifts of intellect and elegant art have embalmed the the memory of her beauty, Nell Gwynne lives in history for her generosity and good humor, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough for her great spirit, as famous as her golden locks. Who knows or cares who were the beauties of London season fifty years ago, or for the poetess whose book was the hit of the day and sold by the thousand? Yet there was a golden dust young woman who served and kept house so with exquisite neatness and economy, and in the intervals wrote essays on political economy and stories of sweetness and tenderness which will live when you and I are dead, [illegible] most interesting editresses for the London newspapers and magazines, whose thorough intelligence was like Macaulay's, and whose results will be lasting. A [illegible] was always a little old maid, with a little house and garden and a [illegible] and years, and chickens, whose [illegible] of village life will be for [illegible] of literature. Harriet Martineau and Mary Russell Mitford never grew old till they were struck with death. There is a woman in her stone cottage on the Island of Jersey among the true fuchsias and rose hedges, whose gift of housekeeping is spoken of as an art in itself, who was a most faithful mother to her children, and accomplished housekeeper, who will make out a bill of fare with the judgment of an epicure, and cook it too like a French artist, who paints, and reads, and gardens with the same enthusiasm she brings to her literary work, which has a wide range, and Mrs. Eliza ward-spirited picture of Modern England, and a little while will favorably rival the [illegible] of Mrs. Langtry's delicate complexion. Mrs. Lynn-Linton who writes the scathing satires on woman for the *Saturday Review* is another accomplished woman of the same varied tastes and abilities and her influence in heading off the present last and unendable dissatisfactions of women will appear greater as time rolls away. To make the circle smaller look among your friends, who has the deepest influence, the finest character, the sweetest, freshest interests in life? I declare for my own part that among the women I know, the most gifted, the loveliest, the most charming, are the women who within the bounds of a jealously guarded home circle pursue their art and occupations without a thought beyond their work, and who never by any remotest chance have or would think of their names in a newspaper, "the sun and soul of an ornery woman's appreciation and domestic success. And this leads to the consideration of the different occupations for women, the household, dressmaking and dressing, gardening, art, musical and decorative, business pursuits, teaching and industrial education, beginning with educating oneself.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters have reached me asking for advice for various troubles of the hair and skin, as comedones, gray hair and falling hair, pallor, roughness of the hands, etc. I have really nothing to add to what has been said on these points. Hands will be rough if used much in water, or washed in cold water, or left unprotected out of doors. Rubbing them with cold cream at night and sleeping in close kid gloves will soften them as well as anything, if rain water is used for washing them. For pimples and "black heads," the hot soda bath daily, followed by agreeable by the cold bath, careful diet, exercise to promote perspiration and frequent change of underclothing is the best recommendation. To young men who have written to know how to clear unsightly complexions I would say, take the strong soda bath, never sleep in the same undershirt worn by day, and keep the bed room windows wide open, night and day. Avoid rich greasy food, and work, work, work, dropping down [illegible] rowing, wrestling or boxing every day till the ferment of idleness and overeating is drained from the blood by profuse perspiration. Work not so much long hours as brisk ones, and change clothing when uncomfortable from perspiration, as often as may be, daily drying the garments in the sun, when they can be worn again. Any youth with a rough, pimply face should be taken from study, or sedentary occupation, and placed at work out of doors, with a stream handy to jump into when warm, unlimited change of shirts, if they are only blue check, and plain, hearty diet, with no reading immediately after meals, which interferes with complete digestion. There is a prescription worth all the quack medicines and vulgar advice tendered in such cases.

THE AUTHOR OF "ONLY GIRL PAPERS."

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

A Representative Republican from the South Interviewed—Some Facts About Negro Suffrage in south Carolina.

Correspondence Toledo BLADE.

WASHINGTON, May 29.

Among those who have been conspicuous in Southern affairs, Samuel Lee will probably be remembered by most of the readers of the BLADE. He was educated in the North, but has resided mostly at the South since the war, and is now a Peobate Judge in Sumter County, S. C. He is a colored man of light complexion, and shows large intelligence and great energy and firmness of character, and hence has been the particular disgust of the White leagues and red shirts, who have undertaken to purge away the colored element from party politics. His life has been often threatened, he has been frequently arrested, and is now under indictment for a trumped up charge on account of certain evidence which he gave before a Congressional Committee. Mr. Lee is, or was recently, in Washington, and your correspondent had some conversation with him, which may interest the readers of the BLADE. I said to him:

What is the feeling among the white people of your State in regard to the emigration of the colored people?

Mr. Lee—The feeling, I think, is that of uneasiness. There are some who say that it will be a good thing. They say that Chinamen or foreign white laborers from Ireland will come in and take the places of those that go, and that they will be better liked than the colored people. But the large majority do not disguise their fears that the effect will be very injurious to the South, and there is a general feeling of uneasiness in regard to it, and it will be stopped if it can be done.

Do you think the effect will be to better the condition of those that remain?

I think it will. The fact that they have found a way to escape from troubles which they cannot mend will certainly tend to make the white men more cautious, but it will not be an effectual remedy. It will, however, show that the colored men are not slaves and cannot be imposed upon without incurring the risk of losing ther services.

Do you think that the white man will persist, against the public opinion of the North and some danger of punishment, in denying to your people the right to vote.

Mr. Lee—Hardly that. In the 1st precinct of Sumter, when I acted as United States Supervisor, at the last election, all our men voted without much restraint. I know every voter in that precinct, and know just about who and how many voted the Republican ticket. There are in the precinct 606 colored men and 44 white men. A few of the white men are Republicans, and some of the colored men, who are barbers or house servants had to vote the Democratic ticket, but they did not number more than 12 or 15. They just about balanced the white men who were Republicans. We knew that we had carried the precinct by nearly 600 majority, and our people were very happy over the result; but, after all, it was counted against us by a small majority.

Excuse me, Mr. Lee, but I do not understand how that could be done. You stood at the polls and saw the votes cast and the names registered and if the votes did not tally with the names the law required, that surplus ballots should be drawn out and the votes made to agree with the list. How, then, could a majority of 600 be overcome?

Mr. Lee—Well, it was done by means of the tissue ballots. These were printed on little sheets of thin paper about an inch long, by two and just about the majority that had to be overcome, and more than 600 of them were put into the box concealed in the ballots cast by the Democrats. Then false lists were made to correspond with the votes cast, and when they came to canvass the canvassers smiled at each other feigned surprise at so many little votes, and said they appeared to be young and must have hatched out in the box. But they were all counted, and a Democratic majority was declared.

But, Mr. Lee, what became of the lists? You must have exposed the fraud, and the law required that they should be filed with the returns. The false names could not help being known and, if such a fraud as you state, was committed it seems as if it should have been easy to expose it.

Mr. Lee—Oh! yes, but they did not file the lists, as required by law, but destroyed them. The Teller committee called for them, but the person who conducted swore that they could not be found—and all knew no tricks but the Democrats had the machinery in their hands and no body thought it was wrong to make a false oath against such gross. The Democrats treated the matter as a joke and laughed about it when they were making up the returns.

Did they carry the county as well as the precinct.

Mr. Lee—Oh yes. We have in the County a reliable majority of 2,500 and our men all voted, but there was a majority figured up for the Democrats.

Is that one of the reasons why your people are dissatisfied and want to go away.

Mr. Lee—Yes, that is one of the main reasons. They say that their right of suffrage is a farce and is little or no protection and they desire to get to some place where they can be treated with something like fairness.

Mr. Lee—Are you under an indictment now for some act of wrong doing.

Mr. Lee—Yes. The law of my State subjects an officer to a fine of $500 for any "habitual neglect of the duties of his office" and when I was supposed to give my evidence before the Tilden Committee I was absent four days and for this act I was indicted. But I was prosecuted wanted as a sort of bon-bon against those who were held to trial for frauds of the election laws and now that they are discharged I shall probably be released.

Were all the tissue ballots in the State alike?

Mr. Lee—Yes. They were all printed at the same office under the direction of the Democratic State Committee and were sent out to the following places where the negros were too strong to be [illegible] dized.

Did you, as Supervisor, make a protest against these fraudulent proceedings?

Mr. Lee—Oh, yes. I had in my hand a list of all the men that had voted, and pointed out the falsity of their return, but they only laughed at me, and said I had not kept a true account. At day, at odd intervals, when no voting was going on, one of the Inspectors would put a slender stick through the opening in the ballot box and move it around briskly while he was talking to some one. The object of it was not understood at the time, but when the tissue ballots came to light we knew that it was to stir them up and separate them from the ballots in which they were secreted. But they were not completely separated, and often 15 or 20 would be found together in the ballot just as they were voted. But they were all counted.

Mr. Lee also gave a circumstantial account of the red shirt riders and their mode of breaking up Republican meetings, but this must suffice for the present.

BUCKEYE.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Blanqui and the Administration—"Ruy Blas"—"A l'Americaine"—The "Salon" of 1879—What the Ladies are Wearing Now in Paris—The Cream of Parisian Journalistic Wit.

Correspondence Toledo BLADE.

PARIS, April 13, 1879.

Louis Blanc, the irrepressible leader of the Extreme Left in the *Chambre*, seems bent on giving the French government all the trouble possible in its management of the amnestied Communists. He now demands the restoring of the Order of the Legion of Honor to those pardoned Communists whose names had been stricken from the lists at the time of their condemnation. It is said that there are but few of them who ever wore the decoration, and the genuine *rouge* Republicans affect to despise such honors. Louis Blanc, himself, does not belong to the Order. He is said to care very little about the honor of wearing the bit of red ribbon, but perhaps, as *Le Constitutionnel* claims, he desires to "make a new demonstration in favor of the Commune and place the government in a difficult position." "Not only have the Communist convicts been pardoned, but further, they will be reinstated in all their rights and have all their dignities restored to them." "The revolutionary flood, restrained for an instant, is rising more violently than ever. The government is seriously held in check owing to its weakness. At the bottom of all this agitation there is a vague sentiment of *civil war* well calculated to alarm reasonable men." This is the opinion of a journalist inimical to the Republic and favoring a renewal of the old dynasty. It should be taken *cum grano salis*. Still there is some slight reason for apprehension, in the too-timid policy of Waddington and his Cabinet in their handling of delicate political topics. Undoubtedly there was a real cause, a real injustice perpetrated, which led to the uprising of the Communistic movement. It is true that under the Napoleonic *regime*, the communal system was so misused and abused that by skilful maneuvering the provinces *were* made to record a majority of votes in favor of an imperial and aristocratic form of Government, which overcame the votes and desires of a majority of the inhabitants of the great Cities like Paris, Lyon, Marseilles and Bordeaux, for a Republican form of Government. Louis Nap was a "*vrai trompeur* "in his management of the elections and general political movements in France. Still looking at the situation as it stands now, after nearly nine years of the present Republic, with an overwhelming majority in both Houses of the *Corps-Legislatif*, the President, Cabinet and most of the dominant parts being in complete unison, it seems a shame to allow some crazy lunatics, of the Blanc and Blanqui stripe, to rush this country into revolution or such violent excesses of government in favor of a few miserable agitators and politic tramps. It is soon to be [illegible] desire. This would please immensely, the Bonapartists and Legitimists. That is just what they are hoping for. They slyly egg on the revolutionary writers and orators. Still we have great faith in Pres. Grevy. He is a strong man, strong in many ways. Gambetta has also "toned down" wonderfully since he became President of the *Chambre de Deputie*, and seems so shun the "rads." He is not the impetuous leader he once was.

One of the Paris journals had in its office, the other day, a cartoon representing a meeting of a young American lady with a friend here in Paris—"*a l'Americaine.*"

"Why what are you doing in Paris?"

"I'm enjoying my honey-moon."

"And where's your husband?"

"*I left him in New York!*"

London gossips report that Carl Rosa is to marry Julia Gaylord, who has recently sailed for America.

SOME PARISIAN BONS MOTS.

A Parisian just about to marry went to a priest to obtain absolution for the indiscretions of his youth. After relating his history he retired with his sins all absolved—a clean bill of health. An instant after he returned and said to the priest: "You've forgotten to impose a penance on me." "Oh, that's quite unnecessary," responded the priest, "since you are about to *marry!*"

The day after the departure of his domestic, the Count de R—— noticed the [illegible] investigation this was admitted by Gov. Allen and the Democratic Commissioners who made the investigation. I am not well informed o the details of the management of these investigations at present, but I think I hazard nothing in saying that Gov. Allen had an average Democratic Commissioner, could not give the management a good character now. Scarcely one of them is without rumors of incompetent and dishonest management. Of some of them [illegible] ard's are reported of the grossest and lowest character. I make no charges, but am simply repeating certain rumors, and at the same time express the fear that there is too much truth in them nor am I surprised. It is the legitimate result of partisan rule in the management of them. The directors of these institutions should be men of high character, not one of whom should be induced to accept the place because of the emoluments. The officers and managers should be chosen for their fitness only. We demand that these institutions shall be organized in the interest of honesty, efficiency and humanity. The policy of an early extinction of our State debt should be alluded to, and additional restrictions should be thrown upon cities, villages, counties, townships and school districts, in regard to their power to tax the people; to create or incur any form of indebtedness.

Experience with our Legislature of late years, and especially the present one, leads me to the conclusion that these sessions should be limited as to time, and that the constitution provision for biennial session should be enforced in its spirit. We condemn the partisan action of the present Legislature in [illegible] over-riding the will of the people by transferring political power from where it has been placed by them to a partisan judge for partisan purposes. Criminals are punished for the protection of the people, and not for the mere desire to punish. Pardons should only be granted when the good of society will not be injured thereby, and not from motives of sympathy for the criminal.

I know that this is not the time and place for a discussion of the issues involved in the canvass upon which we are about to enter, and will not detain you further, except to say that it will be my duty, as well as my pleasure, to [illegible] these facts.

[illegible] darker tints have also [illegible] their appearance *chandron* is a *marron* with a warm red and gold tinge, about the hue of coffee. *Puce* is a *marron* with a *grenat* shade. It is a very rich shade, with which *rose de chaux*, willow green, maise and pale blue harmonise admirably. Pounds of good qualities, such as Lyuisine Corah and Surab, are very very fashionable and make elegant dresses. White will be much worn this season. Painted and striped muslins will also reappear this season, trimmed with lace, *pusse* or tightly gathered. Waists remain long and slender. Long trains are reserved for evening wear and ceremonies.

JNO. JOLINE ROSS,

Rune Scribe, Paris.

The Forgetfulness of People.

The Oxford Professor who, to avoid the wind when taking snuff, turns around, but forgot to turn back, and walked six miles into the country, was no more forgetful than those who still use the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, forgetting that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, are a positive and reliable cathartic, readily correcting all irregularities of the stomach, liver and bowels. Sold by druggists.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had given him, by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, throat and lung affections, also a positive cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive I will mail, free to all who desire, this recipe in German or English, with directions for use. Address with stamp, naming this paper, M. C. ROSE, 154 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

The Tidy Housewife.

The careful, tidy housewife, when she is giving her house its Spring cleaning, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels, to prevent and cure the diseases arising from Spring malaria and miasma, and she should know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of all medicines. See other column.

THE illustrated advertisement of the Aultman & Taylor Company, which has attracted so much attention in this country and Europe, will appear in the BLADE April 10th and 24th, May 8th and 22d, June 5th and 19th, July 3d and 19th. We ask our farmer and threshermen friends to examine it.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Forty-Fifth Congress—Second Session.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, June 2.

Sen. M'DONALD being absent the consideration of his resolution was postponed.

Sen. BLAINE gave notice of a proposed amendment to the constitution, also to refer to the Committee on alleged election frauds the facts in regard to Southern districts referred to by him on Thursday last.

The Senate took up the House bill which provides for the purchase of sites for dams out of the appropriation for the improvement of the Big Kanawha and Kentucky rivers.

Sen. CONKLING opposed, and Sen. HEREFORD advocated the bill.

Sen. PENDLETON introduced a bill, which was passed, to authorize the Secretary of War to furnish condemned ordinance for a railing around the monument to Col. Robert L. McCook, of the Ninth Ohio volunteers, at Cincinnati.

Sen. BLAINE gave notice of the following amendment proposed to be offered by him to Senator McDonald's resolution:

Resolved, That inasmuch as the third, sixth and eighth Congressional districts of Georgia, the sixth and eighth districts of North Carolina, and the third, fourth, fifth and sixth districts of Mississippi cast at the late election an aggregate vote of only 39 571, almost entirely for the candidates of the Democratic party, and inasmuch as at the preceding election in 1876 the candidates of the Republican party in these districts received an aggregate vote of 59,739, the said committee is instructed to inquire whether within these districts, or any one of them, there was fraud or undue influence practiced against citizens at the late election, or whether there was a denial of the right to vote to any citizens of the United States who are also citizens of the States respectively named herein, and that in making these inquiries the committee shall have the right to send for persons and papers.

Sen. EDMUNDS, rising to debate the motion to postpone the resolution, called the attention of the Chairman of the Committee on Alleged Frauds in the Late Elections (Wallace) to the publication by the Committee of a small pamphlet called number three, part of which relates to the transactions alleged to have taken place at the election in Bennington, Vt., in 1879. Sen. EDMUNDS urgently requested the Committee to investigate the matters contained in that paper, because, if they were true, somebody ought to be punished for misconduct. He also wished to call the attention of the Senate to the odd way adopted by the Committee in putting before the public in printed form, so as to be readily mistaken for established facts, what were really only *ex parte* charges. He thought it an unfair way to enlighten the public judgment or seek after truth. If anybody wanted to get up a dishonest political campaign and palm off on the people, who had incomplete means of information, one-sided charges as facts found by some committee, if there were any such person, as there should not be, one of the courses he would take would be to print and publish as they were filed before a committee, and have marked on the other side as its proceedings, communications made to the committee which never had been investigated and which were entirely *ex parte*, and then have favorable newspapers all over the country comment on these publications as established truth.

Sen. WALLACE said when the Committee on alleged frauds changed front at the beginning of the present session, they were found certain documents and papers which had been called for by the former committee, and furnished by leading Democratic Senators. They had not been printed, and no notice had been taken of them, while all the affidavits, etc., taken in the Southern States had been printed. Leave was obtained to print the papers thus found in the records of the committee, not those obtained since. These papers contained charges in reference to Vermont and Massachusetts. He did not pretend to say whether they were true or not. The committee has not yet investigated them. Only 100 copies had been printed for the use of Senators, and in advance of the committee report as was the usual practice.

Sen. EDMUNDS said his point was that the documents were in fact printed for public information. It would have been proper and customary to print them for the use of the committee.

Sen. WALLACE said that the same practice had always obtained. Senators could always get copies of testimony for distribution from the document room.

Sen. DAWES asked if Sen. Wallace spoke of the papers in reference to Massachusetts as "testimony."

Sen. WALLACE said he intended to speak of them as papers laid before the committee. He would be glad to remove any erroneous impression shown in the newspapers in regard to the documents.

The morning hour expired and the McDonald resolution went over. The Senate proceeded to consider unfinished business, being the House bill to amend an act approved March 4, 1879, making an appropriation for the construction, etc., of certain works on the Great Kanawha and Kentucky Rivers. The bill authorizing the Secretary of War to use a part of the appropriation for the purchase of sites for such improvements. After debate, the bill was read the third time and passed, yeas 29, nays 13.

Sen. ANTHONY called attention to the title of the bill and asked how the bill, of which this is smendatory, could have been approved on March 4, 1879, when Congress was not in session on that day.

Sen. DAVIS (W. Va.) said the bill as enrolled purported to have been approved March 4th.

Sen. ANTHONY said he would not move to amend the title of the bill just passed, but it was a question for lawyers whether a bill approved when Congress was not in session was a good law.

The Senate took up the House bill to establish post roads, and without acting thereon adjourned.

HOUSE.

Under a call of States very many bills were introduced and referred; among them the following:

By Mr. WISE—For the taxation of promissory notes, bonds and mortgages, and making it unlawful to exact more than five per cent. interest for the loan of money.

By Mr. SANFORD—Prohibiting the funding of United States bonds payable in currency into coin bonds.

By Mr. LOWE—To substitute legal tender currency for national bank currency.

By Mr. SPRINGER, prohibiting any soldier stationed within two miles of any place where the special or general election of Representatives in Congress is being held, from leaving his barracks for any purpose except that of relieving guard or casting his vote on the day of election.

The bill for the appointment of the Mississippi River Commission, and the appropriation of $175 000 to meet its expenses, was passed.

Columbus Upson, successor of the late Gustav Schleicher, was sworn in as a representative from the State of Texas, taking the modified oath.

Mr. KENNA moved to suspend the rules and pass the bill authorizing producers to sell $100 worth of tobacco on the farm where produced, free of tax, and without requiring a license therefor. Defeated—yeas, 112; nays, 82—not the necessary two thirds in the affirmative.

Mr. COX, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, moved to suspend the rules and adopt the joint resolution in relation to the International Exhibition to be held at Sydney and Melbourne, Australia, in 1879 and 1880. Passed—yeas, 138; nays, 62.

It appropriates $20,000 to provide for the representation of the United States at these exhibitions.

House adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, June 3.

The House bill extending the time for the payment of preemptors on public lands in Minnesota and Dakota passed. The House bill to confer certain powers and limitations on Commissioners of the District of Columbia, was taken up.

Consideration was interrupted by the expiration of the morning hour. The bill establishing post routes then came up.

HOUSE.

Consideration was resumed of the business of the morning hour, being the bill amending the statutes relative to the removal of causes from the State to the Federal Courts.

Mr. TOWNSEND, of Illinois, having withdrawn the demand for the previous question, Mr. COX made a speech favoring the repeal of the test oath laws.

DECORATION DAY.

How it Was Observed in Different Cities.

WASHINGTON, May 30.—Decoration Day is being generally observed here. All the national and district departments and many business houses are closed and flags are flying at half mast from the public buildings, hotels and other places. At Arlington Representative J. W. Keifer, of Ohio, made the address.

Pres. Hayes, Mrs. Hayes, and other members of the family, were at Arlington. The President and Mrs. Hayes began the ceremonies by placing wreaths on the tombs of the unknown dead.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 30.—The graves of the fallen soldiers were honored to-day by floral tributes at the various Cemeteries. There was a grand military parade during the afternoon and a liberal display of stars and stripes.

NEW YORK, May 30.—The preparations made for a due observance of Decoration Day were far more elaborate than they have been in recent years, the most impressive demonstration being the military parades in which the whole of the First Division of the National Guard participate in New York, and the whole of the Second Division in Brooklyn. The day is very generally observed as a holiday. All places of public and nearly all places of private business were closed. On all the principal buildings flags were displayed, and the bunting in Broadway was sufficiently plentiful to make a very pretty spectacle, especially when that great thoroughfare was filled with troops. The street through which the procession moved were packed with people, and the windows of all neighboring houses were also filled with sight-seers. The roofs and fronts of houses were hung with flags and bunting.

CINCINNATI, May 30—The attendance at Spring Grove Cemetery to day during the ceremony of decorating the soldiers' graves was the largest for many years. All public offices and the Chamber of Commerce were closed, but otherwise there was no suspension of business.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 30.—Decoration Day was generally observed in this City and vicinity to-day with the usual ceremonies of decorating the graves in the various cemeteries. The sirest demonstrations and religious services. Business during the forenoon was partially suspended; all the Parks, Government offices and other public buildings were closed and in the afternoon the suspension of business was general. The weather was very favorable for outside exercises and the memorial services were of the most interesting character.

DETROIT, May 30.—Decoration Day was duly and befittingly observed. The graves of the fallen heros in Elmwood and Mount Elliott Cemeteries were marked with flags yesterday and decorated with flowers this morning. In the afternoon there was a procession of the four local military companies of veterans and a company of cadets from the military school at Orchard Lake. The exercises at the soldier's monument in the Campus Martius were interrupted about 4 P. M., by a rain which descended in torrents, accompanied by hail and lightning, putting to flight the entire assemblage of soldiers, citizens and orators. The public and private houses along the route of procession were profusely and gaily decorated with flags. Business generally suspended. The City offices, banks, Chamber of Commerce, schools and Courts being closed.

GETTYSBURG, May 30.—Notwithstanding the cloudy weather this morning the people poured into the town from the surrounding country, and excursion trains from York, Hanover, Harrisburg, Lancaster, Philadelphia and other places brought several thousand more. The streets were profusely decorated with bunting, and presented a very animated appearance. Gov. Hoyt and family, Gen. McCandless, the orator of the day, and 80 members of the Legislature arrived by special train. The Governor was escorted to the residence of Col. E. G. Fahnestock, and afterwards had a drive over the battle field. At 2 o'clock, there was a grand procession to the cemetery, wherein the exercises took place.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 30.—Decoration Day was observed by a suspension of business during the afternoon and a procession of military and citizens to the cemetery, where appropriate exercises were held. A rain storm came on just in time to seriously interfere with the ceremonies.

LOUISVILLE, May 30.—The several thousand graves of Federal soldiers in Cave Hill cemetery, of this city, were appropriately decorated to-day. Rev. John H. Heywood delivered the address of the day.

NEW ORLEANS, May 30.—The day was celebrated by a salute and military procession and the decoration of graves at Chalmette and an oration by Charles S. Rice. A large number of ex Confederates participated.

A Nice Sketch of the Khedive.

London Truth, May 1.

The doubt and hesitation that are shown in deposing the Khedive arise from an erroneous appreciation of his position in Egypt and of his character. The latter is that of an area sneak on a large scale. He is cunning and unscrupulous, but an abject physical and moral coward. He has but to see in the distance the tip of a constable's staff to collapse, and, having fallen down on his knees, to swear that he has been led astray by evil counsels. It cannot be too often repeated that beyond a few Turkish imprisonments of misgovernment who would be the first to desert him, he has no larger party in Egypt than the departed Mr. Peace had in England. He is feared because the elements of a revolt do not exist on the Nile, and each each individual Egyptian dreads lest the fate of the Monteithish should await him should he show signs of even disapproval of the freaks of this miscreant. But I saw a day or two ago a letter from Egypt which leads me to think that if only the Egyptians were convinced that Ismael would not be supported by Europe, they would themselves deal with him. Among the officers and the ulemas a certain amount of education exists. Most of them are disaffected, and should one resolute man be found to unite the scattered elements of discontent the Khedive will cease to reign. So distrustful is he, and so anxious is he to secure to himself the means of flight, that I hear that he contemplates taking up his residence at Alexandria in order that he may escape to a ship in case of a rising among his own officers. In the meantime the most abandoned of the crew of miscreants that surround him are sent into the provinces with orders to collect money, and the fellahs are flogged and tortured in order that the Khedive may be provided with ample means to live in splendor at Parie, should he withdraw to that capital.

"With all your vaults I love you still," said the gentleman frog as he endeavored to quiet his lady-love long enough to talk poetry to her.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

They Abide Steadily in Good Works.

Gens. G. T. Beauregard, of Louisiana, and J. A. Early, of Virginia, still continue to faithfully and energetically discharge their duties as Commissioners on behalf of the State and People, and will give the next grand Semi-Annual Drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery (the 109th in number of monthly drawings) their personal supervision, and assume the sole management of the distribution, which occurs promptly at noon on Tuesday, June 17, 1879, at the Opera House in New Orleans. For further information, address, ere it is too late, M. A. DAUPHIN, P. O. 691, New Orleans.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

PRESCRIPTION FREE

For the speedy Cure of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood, and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or exposure. Any druggist has it. Address DAVIDSON & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York

A PROOF-READER.

What the New Orleans Times Wants and What it Expects to Get.

In the advertisement columns of the *Times*, Sunday, appeared the following want:

WANTED—An intelligent, well educated, industrious proof-reader, either married or single. Must be thoroughly temperate. A good position for a number one man. Address Comp., *Times* office.

Now, innocent as that unostentatious card appears, it was productive of more trouble than anything which has appeared in the City press for many a day. There were no less than 714 letters received up to Sunday night, and on Monday the number was so great that they could not be counted up to time of going to press.

Samples of the lots are as follows,

"MR. COMP—I am a proof-reader of some experience, though my mother was a dutchmen. I am well ejucated in the United Stats, so hope you will find me all right. I am a widower."

"DEAR SIR—I speak German, French, English, Portuguese and

The Household

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this Department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write Household Department on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Post Office address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Housecleaning!

It must be that some wise little women of the Household did n't clean house in March, or our good editress would not allude to the lack of articles on the subject.

A few hints may not be amiss even at this late day, as the reign of the housefly is near at hand, and the vigilance of the nice housekeeper does not cease with the Spring cleaning.

We are right in the midst of ours, but will gladly lay down brush and broom to tell you how it began, and where, before many days, we propose it shall end.

We never expose health to drafts through open doors and windows when the air is too chilly for comfort; but early in April, before there was a hint in the sky of this May weather, all the closets near the fire were overhauled, the patch baskets and bags emptied, carpet rags assorted and put by themselves for cutting in leisure hours. Useless rags were stowed away for the itinerant peddler, furs sprinkled with camphor or tobacco and tied in paper bags, and everything not needed during the Summer was carried to a storeroom up stairs.

Afterward, there was a general skirmishing along the line by way of cleaning cupboards and drawers in the dining-room, pantry and kitchen, so that when the real battle with dirt and unavoidable Winter untidiness should begin, there would be no scattering of forces to attend to those tiresome details.

So much being done, the Spring sewing and other work received attention till the weather was warm enough to work away from the fire, when all the clothes rooms in the upper story were cleaned and put in order, one by one. Then we were ready for moving furniture and taking up carpets in the chambers. Only as many rooms were disturbed at once as could be finished the same day, thereby avoiding much confusion.

After the carpets were up, damp earth strewn over the floor before sweeping it, removed the dust so nicely that half the labor of mopping was saved. Now came the hardest part of the work for the mistress and maid. Husband and son being invalid, could not help us shake carpets, but a little strategy overcame even that difficulty. Laying them on the grass, each took the opposite end of one breadth, letting the weight of the other rest as much as possible on the ground, raising it just enough to give two or three well directed shakes, and so on, till the whole carpet was free from loose dust. It was then hung on the line and thoroughly beaten with smooth rods, (not whips which often injure the goods.) Another good shake while on the line, let our carpet just as clean as if four stout men had each drawn a corner into shreds, as to our sorrow, we had seen them do. Of course, it was not easy work, but we took time to do it leisurely and well.

Clearing windows came next on the program. Sapolio dispensed with soap and slop and a 25 cent cake if rightly used, is sufficient to clean all the windows and woodwork of a large house. Wring a cloth out of clear, warm water, rub it over the sapolio and apply to the glass and woodwork of the sash; but only a little, with slight rubbing, or the paint will vanish with fly specks and stains. Have another pail of warm rinsing water, wipe dry and polish the glass, first with a cloth free from lint, then finish with bits of newspaper. Repeat the operation on the other side of the sash, and you have a clean window without a mild deluge, and no trouble of carrying it out of door. Sapolio cleans hard finished walls nicely, but need not be applied to the whole surface, as clear water will answer a good purpose when there are no stains.

After the carpets in the chambers and upper halls were put in place, with the help of a good carpet stretcher, and everything in order, we descended to the lower story, with all the implements of our craft. Stair rods were easily cleaned by using kerosene oil first, and dry whiting to polish.

In two rooms, ceilings had to be whitewashed and walls repapered. We removed every bit of old paper, wetting and scraping with a knife, all the while not come without. It was hard work, but we never put new paper on walls that have not been thoroughly scraped. For paste, we used boiled starch, made quite thin, as for linen, and applied it cold to the paper with a soft clothes brush. With a little patience and practice one can soon learn to cover a wall as nicely as a professional paper hanger, who is seldom found in the country. To make whitewash we pour boiling water on fresh lime, with a handful of salt to every gallon of the liquid. Before using, add a little bluing. Where the ceiling in papered rooms had to be whitewashed, we protected the border by newspapers pinned on, and filled cracks in plaster with equal parts of plaster of Paris and slacked lime—mixing only a small quantity at once, as it soon hardens. Apply with a small brush, and smooth with a trowel or knife. Where walls are slightly broken, we stir sand into thick whitewash with a bit of hair, and mend without delay, instead of waiting for a mason. Even a cloth pasted over the broken place saves the wall from greater damage.

When all the other rooms are in order, we shall proceed to the cellar, from which, some weeks since, all decaying vegetables were taken. A few days hence every box, bin, board and barrel is to follow and go into summer quarters, when we shall sprinkle dry lime on the earthen floor before its sweet sweep and whitewash walls and beams overhead till every part is sweet and clean enough to use for a dairy room during the warmest weather.

This last work will end our Spring crusade against the numerous foes of order and cleanliness; but don't imagine that when all is done, we shall close our house to air and the beautiful sunshine, lest a fly enter, or a stray beam fade the carpets, which are bought and made with especial reference to the peculiar ideas of the owners of the mansion, who do not fancy sitting in darkened rooms and peering through closed blinds, when the blessed sunlight brings health and beauty in its train. RUTH LEE.

New York.

Letter from Fairplay.

Upon examining into the state of our finances, something less than a year ago, we found, like many others in our city and generation, that the ways were considerably in excess of the means. It was then and there resolved to top off all superfluities, and although the BLADE did not exactly come under that head, yet as we were pretty well supplied with reading matter aside from that, it was decided to drop it for a time at least, and, Oh ye sisters of the Household, will you believe it, I have actually managed to *exist* until about three weeks ago, when my husband renewed the subscription without once having once seen a copy of the dear old BLADE? I have fairly pined to know what great question was engaging the attention of the elect. Upon looking over the Household I find that woman's rights is now agitating that august body. Well, I believe in *woman's* rights, but as it does not with me hinge upon suffrage you will not probably care to hear my opinion. I consider Sorey Bill quite an acquisition to the Household.

I was considerably interested in what Jessamine had to say, but as I have many very dear friends in the class with whom she would not like to dwell, what I wish to remark and am free to maintain, is that it does *not* necessarily follow because a woman's system is perfect it must be oppressive. Her mind must be uncultivated and her husband and children must be sacrificed upon the altar of neatness. Indeed, as far as my observation extends, it is quite the reverse. These women are systematic to gain time to devote to self culture to their families and to society. The most delicately refined and highly cultivated lady it was ever my lot to know was also the most beautiful and thoroughly systematic housekeeper. She once said to me, 'I cannot spend all my time doing housework, therefore I have ever studied to *save* labor. A thing once done, I *put it off my hands* the longest possible time.' Now, don't imagine this lady's family were confined to the rear of the house. Oh, no; their home was bright and beautiful, and they *used* (not *abused*) it, getting the most possible enjoyment out of everything they possessed. But every member of that household were expected to place their belongings and whatever they had occasion to use in perfect order. These long suffering Marthas are active women; with them no time is dawdled away. Just step into their kitchens when they are engaged about the affairs of their households; ten to one you will find books and papers, not put carefully away, but lying open in close proximity to the kitchen table, where the worker can now and then read a few sentences, thus giving her no nothing better to think about than finding fault with her neighbors or quarreling with her own household. To the careful housekeeper unexpected company has no terrors, for there is always cake in the house. If a friend invites her to drive or walk, she need not decline for lack of a dress; if she owned but two, one would surely be ready for service. Is she called upon to take an unexpected journey she can get ready in a very few moments without pressing the entire neighborhood into her service. And so on, to the end of the chapter, everything is in her favor, and yet because there are ones in a great while one poor creature who sacrifices herself to cleanliness it has became the fashion to abuse the whole class. Do not, I beseech you, waste any more precious sympathy upon husbands who are supposed to inhabit garden fences and backdoor steps and to spend their evenings in the grocery round the corner, not daring to enter their own homes until she of the mop and broom is safe in the arms of Morpheus. Do not, I pray you, shed another pearly tear for the dear little boys whom cruel mothers will not allow to play marbles upon the parlor carpet, and who are pressed to wipe the mud from their shoes before entering the house. Heave not another gentle sigh for the benighted intellect and unread newspapers of the careful housekeepers. Reserve your pity for the families of those women, who refusing to perform the offices of their households, go through life in a shiftless sort of fashion not caring for anything but their own ease. Show me a woman to indolent to work and work hard if necessary to make her home comfortable and pleasant and I will show you one whose mind cannot grasp anything stronger than a dime novel or the vapid stories of the New York *Ledger*. Honor to the Marthas say I their homes are the coolest and freshest in Summer and the warmest and brightest in Winter.

Unlike Mrs. Ripley, I like *nom de plumes*, and to me the Household would be robbed of its greatest charms should all write over their real names. The little blind god plays so many pranks that we married ladies frequently bear names which we would not choose at all only for sweet love's sake. But come to encasing a *nom de plume* the case is quite different; we can then, and I think generally do, select one eminently characteristic of ourselves. True, a few only are sweet, while many are commonplace and some are either eccentric or grotesque. But we should find, I think, the same peculiarities in the persons themselves. Nor do they always suggest a pleasant train of thought. would the letters if no name whatever were attached? Am waiting with baited breath for somebody to inform the sisters how washing and ironing can be made easy. I have tried various makes of washing machines and washing compounds, but after a few trials invariably return to the old-fashioned way. Now, sisters of the Household, let us cultivate more of that charity which "suffereth long and is kind, vaunteth not itself, is not easily puffed up, behaveth not itself unseemly." FAIR PLAY.

Romeo, Mich.

Teachers and Parents.

As the teachers are so cordially invited to come again, I, for one, will accept the kind invitation. While reading the BLADE of April 17th it was rejoiced to see the letters from the teachers, for most assuredly those engaged in that profession need often to exchange views with their brother and sister teachers that they may assist each other in their work. How many times, when the teacher closes school at night, does she feel that if she only had some one with whom to talk over her trials and perplexities, which, though they seem trifling to the patrons and lookers on, yet she knows that all these must be noticed, else instead of having a good school, there will be an entire failure. They realize "that trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle."

That it is those little seeds sown in the spring time of life that make the character of the mature man or woman, and if the teacher be a true man or woman (and I think most of them are) they will do their best to educate both the head and heart of your child, and if parents and patrons will cooperate with the teacher, I will venture to say that in few cases will they have reason to complain of them when they are grown. Ex School Ma'am expressed my ideas exactly, we do not want your pity, but we do earnestly hope that you will give those who deserve it praise for the good work which they have done, and do not, because some are poor, stigmatize the whole as worthless. In other professions such is not the case; then do not let the teacher's be the only one. For I know that there are not a few, but *many*, whole-souled men and women who each day are doing their school-room work in the fear of God, who fully realize that every word and action touches on some chord that will vibrate in eternity; their work is not for a few months or years, but forever. Do not forget that God made the soul, but man makes the character. Chatterbox let me thank you for your plain words in our behalf.

I think if Vic will wash her hands with water and Indian meal and then rub them with glycerine she will soon cure them, while the glycerine occasionally applied at night will keep them from chapping.

SAUCEBOX.

Titusville, Pa.

That Schoolma'am.

In looking over the various letters on teaching, I think too great a responsibility rests on the teacher. If the patrons and Directors would labor in unison for the good of the school, there would be a great improvement, especially in country schools. But too often we see persons filling the office of school director, that is interested in the welfare of the school as long as everything goes to suit their tastidious minds. They are elected by some of their political friends or perhaps some of their neighbors, who have sons or daughters that are anxious to make a little money, will vote for them, that they may obtain the desired position. Such directors hire the cheapest teachers, and the consequence is they have the poorest schools. And instead of encouraging the teacher by visiting the school, they will believe whatever the children relate about the teacher. Any school will be ruined by having the parents believe whatever the children say, and not visit the school to teacher before them, without knowing anything about their work in school. I know of one instance that the parent of a little boy came very near breaking up the school, simply because the teacher required his pupils to march out two by two, in order to avoid confusion in dismissing. The boy thought marching too great an exertion for him to indulge in.

Mrs. J. A. W., one good way to color butter is to take carrots, scrape them, and pour cold water on the scrapings, then and strain it in the churn before commencing to churn. I have seen this tried with success and think it improves the flavor of the butter.

I have tried using kerosene oil on the hair and think it is injurious to use it very often. I always experienced a severe headache after using it.

Wood Moss, I would like to step in your school some day; I like your ideas of teaching; will you give us some good methods of opening school; don't you think the best way to prevent tardiness is to have the opening exercises so interesting that the pupils will hate to miss them? I wonder if we could persuade the editor to have a teacher's department? I think it would be just splendid. TENNIE LANE.

Hicksville, O.

"Never Kiss but One."

After Malula's Dare to speak out, who can be silent? I imagine her a good kind-hearted, sensible girl, one who is anxious to right and very anxious for some one to say it is right to kiss "Zeke." Don't do it Malula. If you have an older brother, ask him for whom he maintains a higher respect—the girl who is ever ready to be'ow, or the one who denies a kiss. He'll tell you and you can depend on his answer, too. Every gentleman knows just who of the girls are generous in that direction and mentally style them cheap girls. A quiet, lady-like "No Sir," will place you higher in the estimation of any true man than the daintiest kiss ever could—unless you've reached the line where Heaven comes down our souls to greet," and Zeke has spoken his little piece, and all that, then—fan us, quick! Till then, when he asks for "just one" sing, "Yield not to Temptation"—sing at the top of your voice, too, and my word for it, he'll not ask you again. Would you, Zeke? Let some of our honest, manly gentlemen give their candid opinions.

I like Jessaminie's advice about "catching a husband." It has the true ring in it. If there were fewer efforts on the part of young ladies to catch a husband the number of unhappy marriages would be considerably diminished. When a young lady steps aside from the path of true womanly dignity, and goes husband-hunting, she looses just so much self-respect and becomes an object of ridicule.

Prepare yourself for the duties that await you and they'll come soon enough. Cultivate noble thoughts and noble feelings till they bud and blossom into noble deeds. Make yourself a *home* keeper as well as housekeeper. Make yourself worthy. Be a woman in the highest sense of the word, and there will be no necessity for any effort in that direction.

Some one asks how to color a switch. Take a quart of strong tea, put in a few rusty nails, then boil the switch in it. It improves the hair.

Decatur, Ill. LOU DEAN.

Begin Early with Children.

Dear friends, teach your little girls and boys to be true and pure; don't wait until they are beyond your reach, or, in other words, until they have grown to manhood and womanhood, before you show them the value of truth and purity, but instill into their young hearts a love for that which is really good and exalting. You have power to guide them aright now; do your whole duty with the children, then when they become men and women you need not fear that dancing will injure them, for it is not the dancing which pollutes any one; it is low associates. Those who have been taught to despise such will not mix with them either in the dance or elsewhere, but will seek those who, like themselves, have been educated to prize true nobility. There is no excuse whatever for saying we must mingle with those beneath us, even in dancing, for we must not if we would reach the true standard of life. Parents who let their children "come up," who simply give them enough to eat and wear, have need to tremble for their future, but give your little ones love, tenderness, and watchful, earnest prayerful care, teach them to be frank and open hearted make them strong, (for strength is what we all need, and we need it no more in dancing than in the usual business and social life), and again if parents were more thorough with the home discipline they would have less cause to complain of the teachers, but when there is really cause for complaint I echo Katie's words: "Please tell us of our faults and failings, not your children or the country at large."

If Vic will put vinegar on her hands and dry it in by the fire, after which rub them with glycerine I think she will have no more trouble with their chapping.—SIBYL SAY.

Seeking "Fresh Fields and Pastures New."

I am a constant reader of your paper. I like it very much I would not do without it under any consideration. The first I read when I open the paper are the letters from the Household. I do enjoy reading them. They are almost as good as letters from far away friends. I am just selfish enough to want to sit right down and answer them all. This is the first time I've written, and now it is for advice. "Eleanor Dale" says people are usually willing to give that. I hope it will prove so in my case. Please, some of you do advise me. I am a girl (lamentable fact) 21 years old, I have taught school for the past three years. I have the name of being a good teacher, why, I don't know. I do not like teaching and never did. Am always sorry when school commences, and glad when it closes. I think when one feels that way they have no business teaching school. Don't you? Now what shall I do? I have got to do something. I know what I want to do, but my friends discourage my doing it. I want to buy a farm and go to farming. Now don't laugh—that's what they all do here. I am living in Kansas, where good land can be bought for $5 per acre. I have money to buy a small farm. Can any one give a reason why a woman can't buy a farm and "farm it," as well as some men? Of course, there are some things on a farm that a woman can't do, but can't she hire them done? If I don't do that, what can I do? Don't you advise me to do as my friends do here—"get married"—unless you send a man with your advice. They don't have a very superior quality of that article here.

CAPPIE.

A Daughter Worth Having.

I thought I would say a few words to the Household Department as I haven't had anything to say yet. As I am a girl only 14 years old, I will tell you what I can do and have done. There are eight of us in family. I am the only girl. My mother is poorly, and I have to do most of the work. I always get up early in the morning, get breakfast ready, and mother gets up and puts it on the table while I go to milk. Our pasture is three quarters of a mile away from the house, and we have four cows to milk; I do all of the milking and carry it home; we get 12 gallons of milk a day. I do all the churning, making garden and raising chickens I have 250 little chickens this Spring, 24 turkeys, 18 ducks and 15 goslings. How is that for high? Besides I do almost all the sewing, all the washing and ironing, baking and scrubbing. Of course mother helps me a little, but a very little, for she is not able to do much. I saw some time ago in the BLADE that peppermint oil was good for sores, caked breast, &c. I wish some one would be kind enough to tell me how to make it, and also how to make hair chains. I don't mean the flat chain but something like a log chain. Which is right, for a lady to catch hold of a gent's arm or a gent to catch hold of a lady's? I wish some one would tell me how to pack eggs to keep until winter for use. LAURA HARMAN.

C—— M——.

A member of the Household writes, that Miss Anna, in the Household story, gives recipes for the upper crust only, that her methods for making tea and coffee would soon empty a poor man's purse. Her way of making tea and coffee may be a little extravagant, but are good. But to do Miss Anna justice we must not stop with coffee and tea. She has given us many valuable helps and hints.

What family is too poor to have their bacon properly fried, or a slice of good plain toast, or a dish of nice brown potato chips? A properly cooked egg is just as cheap as a poorly cooked one.

It costs no more to put vegetables to cook in boiling water and salt than to let them soak over the fire in warm water until they are unfit to eat. All of these things she tells us, and a great deal more just as useful. Jessamine, I agree with you in thinking house keepers should take more leisure for reading and rest, leaving the more tedious and labor saving ways of cooking and serving plain wholesome food. But I cannot understand how Shirley Dare can add her drop to your grievances. I have read her letters for several years and find them full of kind suggestions for the welfare of women. Judging by her letters, her duties are as varied and imperative as any we can have, yet she gives all a hearing and an answer.

Some one asked for a recipe for baking powder biscuits. I will send one I begged of a neighbor noted for her excellent biscuit. Use soda and sour milk and shortening, just as if you were making soda biscuits, with the addition of half a teaspoonful of baking powder to each quart of flour. Be very careful not to put in one atom too much soda.

Lora, Ill. ICY.

That Whitewashed Stove.

Will "Young Housekeeper" please excuse me for not answering her sooner in regard to that "Whitewashed Stove." I do not know what kind of whitewash was applied, but presume the same as for anything else, when I spoke of it I did not intend it as a hint. I only threw it out as a bit of pleasantry expecting to cause her face to wear a broad smile at the idea, as mine did when I saw the above mentioned stove. But seriously, don't you worry too much over your cook stove, would not it answer just as well to wash the top and hearth with soap suds once or twice a day? They will look bright and clean, if they do not shine and you will not have to black the doors very often if you are careful, and I think after a little you will like it just as well, and it will save you a great deal of trouble. Probably, after you have kept house 18 years you will be thankful to be able to keep your sitting room stove black and be glad to have your kitchen stove kept clean by washing. Mrs. J. C. D.

White Pigeon, Mich.

"What Did You Say the Bride Was Dressed in?"

For the past few months I have searched the Household Department eagerly, hoping each week to find an article on the subject that lies so near to every young girl's heart—especially about the time when she is engaged to be married, viz: Marriage etiquette.

How many young ladies there are who have neither mothers or older sisters to teach them the proper forms of a marriage ceremony, and are too bashful to ask any of their acquaintances for the necessary information, and yet are anxious to post themselves on all the little details in order to have everything pass off pleasantly.

We do not want a grand description of satin, point lace and diamonds; but simply how to have everything nice, with the least expense, when the bride will be dressed in swiss muslin and be married in her father's parlor, before a few intimate friends of the family. Won't you tell us about the veil? What kind of material to suit the dress? Will some one be kind enough to tell us about it through the BLADE?

EVA REMMINGTON.

East Tawas, Mich.

A Reply.

The BLADE of May 1st is at hand after two weeks' delay; and I hasten to reply to my new found friend. Perhaps I misunderstood what kind of sacks she meant; but if it was the Stark Co. grain sack she meant, I still object to them. I have seen them used, but am sure if I should use them there would be wry faces when they were washed. I am very glad to hear that she is a farmer's wife, and that her husband is happy, for, if such is the case, it is her worthy self that makes him so.

Now, if it is not too late, I will tell her how to trim her little boy's buff suit. Trim with dark blue and steel buttons, maroon stripes, two up the side of the leg and three buttons at the knee. If the blouse is cut to button on the shoulder, trim to match; if the pants button on the blouse, make pointed waist, bound and trimmed to match.

I am sorry for I. B. Lonesome, and if some one will send her a receipt to get a husband, I will venture to send a receipt to keep one, as I have kept mine over 15 years, and I think he is a better husband every year.

FARMER'S WIFE.

Eldorado Mills, Wis.

"As the Twig is Bent, so the Tree," etc.

I am very much interested in all of the subjects which are discussed by members of the Household, and especially so of all in regard to the management and care of children; but there is one evil of which they have not written; it is giving babies brandy for some of their ailments. Isn't it a positive injury to administer it? I am anxious to hear from those who know and understand the subject. Many mothers here give spirits to their babies.

I. M. T., Covil—Take equal parts of bacon grease and beeswax; melt in a skillet, and in it place a piece of new linen; let it fry slowly two or three hours then take the linen out, and, when cool, lay it on the breast. I used it with success; it has cured a breast as large as a kettle, and as black.

MATE.

Avon, Ill.

More About "Mistletoe."

I have been considerably interested in reading the numerous articles about "Mistletoe," and think it possible for me to add a little more on the subject. There seems to be quite a disagreement as to the kind of timber on which it is found, evidently owing to the fact that it grows on a great many different kinds and seldom on more than two kinds in the same locality. I have seen it in various sections in this State and in Kentucky, on black gum, chestnut, persimmon, oak and walnut. I am told that it is frequently found on ash and sycamore in other localities. A fine large bunch of mistletoe growing on a tree when the leaves are gone is quite a curiosity. It is interesting to examine the manner in which it is rooted into the timber where found. C. W. C.

Piney Falls, Tenn.

Exchanges Wanted.

I want the trailing arbutus, if some of the ladies have it to send me. I will send in exchange three pretty mats for toilet, made of white zephyr. I am over anxious for the arbutus.—MRS. G. B. HIBBARD, Sprout Brook, Montgomery Co., N. Y.

I should be glad to exchange some young maples, box elders or the seed of either tree in season, or geological specimens from Devil's Lake for flower seeds or bulbs, old books or magazines. I can send young trees that started from the seed last year and send by express to any body in want of them, each party paying postage or express on the articles sent.—Box 22, North Freedom, Wis.

I have Ladies Christian Monitor for 1877, to exchange for Floral Cabinet, If any one wants to exchange, please let me know by card.—MARY A. DAVIS, Box 65, Hiawatha, Kan.

I have some very pretty fresh-water shells brought from the South, would exchange for sea shells, coral, copper or lead ore, petrified wood or moss, fossils or anything of the kind. If anyone wishes to get some of them, write me a card stating what they have to exchange: I ask this as my supply is limited and I may not have enough to go around. If anyone has "Birds of U. S. by Baily," or "Birds of America" by Baird, and would like to part with it, I hope they will let me know what they wish in exchange.—EMMA, Box 541, Newark, O.

I have papers to exchange for good reading books, also several paper bound books'—MRS. ANNIE HUNTINGTON, Castle Rock, Cowlitz Co., Wash. Ty.

I would like to exchange the following books for shells, minerals or anything suitable for a cabinet: One book of each kind of "Frank Leslie's" and a large amount of other reading matter in good condition.—CARMEL, Freehold Pa.

Is there any one taking Arthur's Dom orest's or Harper's Magazine, this year, that would like to exchange for the BLADE. I will send them every month and pay postage. Will send back numbers of The Great Mogul Diamond. I have been cutting up my old papers to make scrap books, and have many stories to exchange for old magazines of any year—Demorest's, Arthur's, Harper's or Scribner's. The papers are some worn.—MRS. M. A. MAPLE, Stronghsville, O.

A. Templeton, Greenville, Muhlenberg Co., Ky., writes to say that he can furnish resurrection moss to applicants. A sample of this moss sent us was placed in water and revived in a few minutes.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

I would like to exchange Youth's Companion of 1878, or "A Heart's Treasures," a book of 400 pages, most new, for a good second hand Quackenbos' School History of the United States; will pay postage on what I send. Has any one a little amber cane seed? I would be so thankful for a little, if any one can spare it. I will pay postage. Is there among the readers of the BLADE any that were once pupils of A. C. Runnels, in Knox or Licking County, O? If so, I would be so happy to hear from them.—ANNIE C. PERKINS, Cole Camp, Benton County, Mo.

Will some one send us two pounds of the white amber sugar cane? We will pay you for the cane and the postage as soon as we hear from you. Please send back very quick, for we want it to plant this Spring, and it is getting late. We have sent for the seed and got no answer.

Will any of the readers be kind enough to send me a monthly rose, or any kind of plant? We have nothing to exchange only some pine cones, tamarac buds, and butternut shells.—MATTIE J. ENHELDER, Neillsville, Wis.

Cooking Recipes.

I have seen no answer to the lady that had poor success with Pro'. Horsford's Bread Preparation. So I came to tell her my way: I first see that my oven is just right for baking, then grease my pans and prepare my flour; use either milk or water; stir it up with a spoon and put it in the pans; then with well floured hands smooth the surface of the loaf; put on a cover so to give it a chance to raise before baking over; put it immediately in the oven before it is quite done, remove the cover and let it brown over, and the bread is splendid. My husband likes it so well that he don't want any other. I have a valuable cure for rheumatism, sprains and bruises that I have never seen published. Also several cooking recipes, which if desired, I will give to the Household. As there has been an inquiry for

BAKING POWDER BISCUIT—I thought I would give mine, which I find very good: One quart of flour, a heaping tablespoonful of baking powder, well mixed into the flour, a piece of shortening about the size of a walnut, sweet milk or water, enough to mix it as soft as you can roll the dough, bake 15 minutes.—IVY.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—I saw a letter in the Household asking how to make *Charlotte Russe*. Boil in half a pint of rich milk a large vanilla bean, till the milk is highly flavored; strain through a fine strainer; mix with the strained milk half a pint of rich cream, and add five eggs well beaten and strained. Let this custard boil, but not curdle. It must be like any boiled soft custard. Set it on ice. Have ready in another saucepan one ounce best isinglass a boiled in half a pint of water till it is thick jelly. When both are hard, but not cold, mix together and add four tablespoonfuls of sugar; add the yellow rind of two large lemons; add the juice of the lemons, and one pint of rich cream that has been whipped to a stiff froth. Then set it on the ice; cover the bottom of an oval dish with slices of sponge cake; slice enough to put all around the sides of the dish, putting whites of eggs between to make them stick together. Fill this full of the custard mixture, and put the sponge cake on top to cover it, using whites of eggs to make it adhere. Make a nice icing for the top. Lopped this. I never made it, being only a girl 13 years old.—SADIE, Otsego, Mich.

OAT MEAL.—Soak your oat meal over night in a bowl or tin, set this in a kettle with a little hot water in and steam 20 minutes or longer. Eat with sugar and cream.—MRS. HELEN, Knox City, Mo.

Some one wanted a recipe for cooking sausiny, I send mine. Scrape and cut in pieces of suitable size, boil until tender, drain and have ready the following dressing. One tea-poonful each of flour and butter, rub together until there are no lumps, add one pint of boiling milk, season with salt and pepper and keep stirring until it boils, then pour it over the sausage.

Our Young Folks.

GOOD NIGHT.

BY MARY E. HIGHAM.

God keep you safe, my little love,
All thro' the night;
Rest close in His encircling arms
Until the light.
My heart is with you as I kneel to pray:
Good night! God keep you in His care alway.

Thick shadows creep like silent ghosts
About my head;
I lose myself in tender dreams,
While overhead
The moon comes stealing thro' the window-bars,
A silver sickle gleaming 'mid the stars.

For tho' I am far away,
Feel safe and strong
To trust you thus, dear love—and yet—
The night is long—
I say with sobbing heart the old fond prayer,
Good night! sweet dreams! God keep you everywhere!

Ked's Corn Roast.

BY LOTTIE E. HAMILTON.

It was a big, old-fashioned country house, at the head of one of the prettiest inland lakes that ever artist painted; just one of those lovely, quiet retreats where worn-out business men love to go, with their wives and families, there to and rest and strength.

In this particular Summer, several years ago, the house was full; and among the guests children bore a prominent part.

It was a bright, sunny morning in the latter part of August, when some five or six boys, of 10 years or thereabouts, might have been seen congregated in one corner of the broad old piazza, deep in some mysterious consultation.

"I'll tell you what it is, fellows!" said bright, happy little Ned Sandford. "Let's us have a corn roast to-night."

"What's a corn roast?" demanded Clarence Brown, who, being a City bred boy, wasn't posted in country politics.

"Why, you know. You get a whole lot of corn first; then you go in the woods and build a rousing old fire; and then—why, then you roast the corn and eat it. Don't you see?"

"Oh! jolly! Let's do it!" was the universal cry of the favored few to whom this plan had been communicated.

"All right. But first we must ask John if we may have some corn. Hold on a minute, and I'll ask." said Ned. And off he went, but soon returned, triumphant. 'John says we can have all we want, and now, boys, let's keep still about this, and not let the others know."

So with an air of grave and important secrecy, the happy six passed the morning in pulling corn, and storing it away in a place free from curious eyes.

At last about five o'clock, just as their anticipations were the brightest, came a heavy, black cloud from the north, and then a storm of wind and rain, which drove all pleasure-seekers within the friendly doors of the hotel.

Six downcast, disappointed boys met in the self-same corner that had that very morning witnessed their bright plan.

"Must we give it up?" sighed Clare.

"Of course," said Joe, in a disconsolate tone. "We'd have *soaked* corn, if we tried it to-night!"

"Boys!" suddenly spoke up Ned Sandford. "I've thought of something! Come close, so I can whisper." And the heads, brown, black and tow, met in an excited consultation.

It was after 11 o'clock. The rain still came downin torrents. The wind blew drearily and the night was cold and dark. The guests, seeing nothing inviting without, had yawned through a rather stupid evening in the music-room, and one by one gone off to their rooms; so that before the great hall clock tolled its 11 strokes the hotel was quiet and nearly as dark as the night itself.

Had you, for any unknown reason, been in the big, deserted hotel-kitchen just then you would have seen a strange sight. Softly the back door, leading into a small hall, opened; and there entered with velvet tread six stocking-footed boys, the foremost bearing a candle. "Now, boys," said Ned, in an excitedly quiet tone—for, of course, it is Ned who is leader—this is going to be just the biggest kind of fun!"

Nobody assents very enthusiastically. Ned sets down his one small candle and turns to the stove. The fire is still good, and, with in patient hands, he lifts off the griddles and peers in at the bright red coals.

"This is the very place!" he cries. "Clare, Joe, Jamie, bring on the corn! Now just throw five or six ears right in on top these coals, and it'll roast *finely!*"

In goes the corn, and all the faces grow more anxious as a peculiar odor rises from the stove.

"It's burning!" cries Joe. "Quick! Turn it over! It——"

"Oh, goodness! I hear somebody a-comin'!" interrupts Jamie.

Quick as a flash, and falling over each other in their haste, Ned and his compatriots are stowed away in the coal-closet. But the alarm was a false one, and, after a few moments of absolute stillness, the six small culprits, no much the worse for coal dust, steal forth, to find their beloved corn burnt to a cinder. "I think," remarks Joe, sententiously, "that this corn is too green. We oughter picked it bigger."

"Humph!" It's big enough!" sneers Clare, who knows absolutely nothing about it.

"Mine's nearly a foot long."

This argument was conclusive, and Ned said: "Boys, the trouble is the *top* of the stove is too hot. The way to roast corn is to pull out the *front*, and lay the corn down in the ashes."

"Pooh! I don't believe *that*," said Tom, upon whose temper the lateness of the hour had a bad effect.

"I know it's so!" stoutly replied Ned, "for I've seen our cook do it."

This silenced all objections, and Ned and Clare immediately fell to work to pull out the front of the stove. But this proved to be easier said than done. They tried and pulled and pushed. Ned burnt his hand and Clare his coatsleeve; but this obstinate stove was immovable.

At last a bright thought came to their relief. Let's *spry* it out with the tongs!"

So the end of the tongs was inserted in a small crevice, and Ned, Tommie and Clare pushed, while Joe, Jamie and Will watched anxiously or the result. It came, with confounding swiftness.

The entire front of this very unruly and obstinate stove flew out on the floor, with a clatter and clang that would have wakened the seven sleepers, had those much enduring men been on hand.

But, instead, it brought, in all stages of anger and alarm, Chloe, the cook, John, the gardener, and Mr. E., the hotel clerk. Imagine their surprise to find six very frightened boys slinking toward the back door; corn in all degrees of roasting strewing floor and tables; and the stove—an utter ruin!

The next morning six usually noisy boys were very quiet. Vainly the respective mammas asked for an explanation of this.

"Headache" or "Tired" proved the unsatisfactory replies.

Soon after breakfast, Mr. L., the proprietor of the house, received a call from a small boy, who owned the name of Ned Sandford, and a very humble, manly little fellow he proved himself to be. He told the whole story from beginning to end, and then added: 'So, you see, sir, we're sorry we touched what didn't belong to us; though we didn't mean any harm. And I've brought you three dollars and sixty cents, sir, which is all the six of us can scrape; and we hope you can get the stove mended, and—and—well, I guess that's all."

A smile lurked about the corners of the gentleman's mouth as he said: "Well, Ned, I'll keep your money, because in all fairness it's mine; but where did you get it?"

"Why, you see, sir, we'd been saving it for a good while—the whole of us boys; and when we got five dollars we were going to have some splendid fireworks. But"—here a tear or two rose in the eyes of the small speaker—"we can't do it now; and, of course, we know it's our own fault, and we're glad to give you the money, sir."

And, suppressing a disappointed little sigh, he walked away.

All this happened some years ago. The six little culprits are now six very fine young men; but they love to meet at the pretty, quaint old watering-place and talk over their boyhood pranks, and not one of them has forgotten the very useful lesson he learned on the memorable night of Ned's Corn Roast.—*Independent.*

Everybody Suspected.

Whenever anybody is arrested in a Russian city the fact is kept a secret and everybody who calls at the arrested person's house is also put under arrest. One of the persons recently arrested at St. Petersburg was a physician in good practice, and it so happened that at the time he was captured a child was taken ill in a family which he was in the habit of attending. During the night the child's illness became so alarming that the father went to fetch the doctor; but on arriving at the house he was seized by the police and carried off, in spite of his protests. The mother waited an hour or more, and finding that her husband did not return, went herself to the physician's house, where she too was arrested. Meanwhile the child remained alone in the house, and on the following morning it was dead.

"I ot Leedle Poy Baby" Was the Cause of It.

New York Telegram.

"William Flappart," said Justice Smith in the Essex Market Police Court this morning, when Roundsman Reilly of the Court Squad placed a tall, ungainly German at the bar, "you are accused of being intoxicated and attracting a crowd in Sheriff street. What have you to say to the charge?"

"Vaell, if you blease, Cludge I vas so happy dot I got mineself trunk."

"You admit being drunk. Now let us hear the cause of your happiness."

"Vaell, I dold you. Ven I goom home by der house yesterday in der afternoon mine brodder und cousin and uncle was made mit joy, und mine ungle dold me dot mine vife got a leedle baby. I vas den happy und just dook you good look at der leedle poy baby und right away vent mit der ungle und broder und trink me a couple of schoeners. Mr. Weldman goom along beedy soon und efrybody got excited und der hole bardy trink twice schoeners. Den I go mit mine friend Weiderman to Mr. Malone's saloon und trink vot you gall apple chonny. I vas den going to mine vife's olt fader ven I don't know someding more about id until just dis morning. I hope, chudge, dot you will took inter consideration mine excuse. I vant to go oud und saw uf mine poy was getting first rate."

"Well, I shall take into consideration the fact that there was an increase in your family and release you this time, but don't let me see you here again," said his honor.

"Dank you, chudge, I vill promise not to goom here again for two or dree year."

"And what will compel you to come again in two or three years?"

"Vaell, by dot dime, may be, I got anudder paby und got drunk again on der head uf id," said William, as he left the Court House amid roars of laughter.

Cat and Mouse in Partnership.

A cat having made the acquaintance of a mouse, told him so much of the great love and affection that she bore to him that the mouse at last consented to live in the same house with the cat and to have their domestic affairs in common. "But we must provide for the winter," said the cat, "or we shall be starved; you little mouse cannot go anywhere, or you will meet with an accident." The advice was followed, and a pot was bought with some grease in it. However, when they had got it they could not imagine where it should be put; at last, after a long consideration, the cat said, "I know no better place to put it than the church, for there no one dares to steal anything; we will set it beneath the altar, and not touch it till we really want it." So the pot was put away in safety: but not a long time afterwards the cat began to wish for it again, so she spoke to the mouse and said, 'I have to tell you that I am asked by my aunt to stand godmother to a little son, white with brown marks, whom she has just brought into the world, and so I must go to the christening. Let me go out to-day, and do you stop at home and keep house." "Certainly," answered the mouse, "pray go; and if you eat anything nice think of me; I would also willingly drink a little of the sweet red christening wine." But it was all a story; for the cat hid not a sound, and had not been asked to stand godmother. She went straight to the church, crept up to the grease-pot and licked it till she had eaten off the top; then she took a walk on the roofs of the houses, and when tired, thinking over her situation, and now and then stretching herself in the sun and stroking her whiskers as often as she

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Contributions should be written elegibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

Take Weeds by the Forelock.

Wherever there is the shadow of a chance noxious weeds assert themselves. If the fight against them is not begun early and continued unceasingly they soon monopolize pastures, meadows, fields and gardens. Once established they are extirpated only at a large outlay of time and labor. Digging them out root and branch, mowing them down repeatedly or smoothing them, according as they propagate from seed, root, or from both, on their first appearance and while yet young and tender, is the only method by which clean fields are rendered a comparatively easy possession.

To carry on an intelligent war against weeds it is necessary to know something of their growth and nature. Many plants resist every effort to destroy them, despite the very tiresome one of digging them out. Attempting to cut above surface is only so much labor. White daisies, one of the prettiest meadows which spreads from root and seed, should be dug out before the blossom matures that the germ for that year may be destroyed before the germ which produces the next blossom the next. This is easily accomplished immediately after when the ground is soft. It may be said or the iron weed, which only shows itself in bottom lands is of similar habit. When the pests has spread to such an extent as to render digging it out impossible the field should be plowed before the seed matures. The irrepressible Canada thistle, so justly among troublesome plants, has succeeded somewhat with repeated cuttings which I once watched at an agricultural show, where a machine for washing butter was at work, and where the heavy horridly odorous butter was rendered edible in a few minutes. It did its work very quickly and by the simple turning of a handle, and the same sort of process might be accomplished by means of a wire sieve or a strainer anywhere. The butter was forced through a finely perforated receptacle into a large tub of fresh cold water. It came rapidly raining down in a fine capilliform shower, lying upon the clear water in a tangle of golden filaments, singularly beautiful till the water was all covered with them. When the whole lump had thus been transformed into yellow threads, they were stirred and beaten about with a wooden beater; then collected and pressed into a fresh lump of greatly improved appearance, and again forced through the machine in another shower of delicate filaments. This process was repeated several times, till the butter had been washed literally through and through.

The Crops.

The latest information from different parts of the country gives assurance of heavy crops everywhere. The recent abundant and widespread rains have removed the alarm of farmers, especially in the West and Northwest, with regard to the injury likely to be caused by a prolonged drought. From all sides confidence is now expressed of an unusually fine harvest. The accounts from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, Dakota, Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska indicate a large increase in the production of cereals. Throughout the great wheat region the acreage under wheat is considerably larger than last year, owing to the new land taken up and cultivated, and because the dryness of the early part of the season enabled farmers to plow land not tillable in a wet spring. Spring wheat, as a rule, looks well, but the production of this part is yearly diminishing. The corn crop will be larger this year than ever before, according to present estimates. Here and there fruit has been somewhat injured by late frosts, but on the whole a heavy yield is confidently expected. The reports with regard to barley and oats promise heavy crops. The welcome rains have given the grass a fine start, and the fears entertained early in the season of a short hay crop are now replaced by hopes of an unusually abundant one. Out West the cultivated or tame grasses are being extensively introduced with very satisfactory results. The outlook for agriculture this year is, on the whole, highly encouraging.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Treatment of Spring-Planted Trees.

In dry Springs the orchard and garden usually exhibits a distressing mortality among the new introductions of the past-planting time. Yet there is no reason why many should die. A few simple suggestions may save the lives of many trees, as well as save a year of time to or own already short enough lives. Of course the ultimate reasons why transplanted trees die is the want of water. The roots are somewhat injured even by the best planting; and with much evaporation, these weakened roots are unable to supply the moisture required. If the season be dry, this trouble is heightened by the actual absence of moisture for the weakened roots to use. Under these circumstances many water the trees. But where there are many trees to water, this is no mean task, and besides watering has this advantage, that it solidifies the soil, and every farmer's boy knows that a hard clotty piece of ground dries out faster than a soil well-pulverized. The best tree-planters rather try to avoid watering, and they do this in two ways, one is by pruning, and the other by keeping the soil in a well-pulverized condition.

Pruning is one of the simplest ways of saving or weakening a tree's life. We do not of course, add any more moisture to the soil, or give any new capacity to the damaged roots to take up more moisture; but we cut off the demand for moisture with every branch cut away. When a tree does not push freely into leaves after transplanting, it is in most cases from this cause. The supply of moisture is short. If half the branches are cut away, it is astonishing how soon and how strong the balance will push.

And the other point—the pulverization of the soil—is often overlooked. A loose soil is not a well-pulverized soil. Simply hoeing or raking the surface is not what is required. If the ground is baked hard, as many clayey soils will do, this loosening is a little gain; but as a general thing a strong soil merely loosened will evaporate moisture largely. These soils require crushing not only loosening; and the same principle which the *Telegraph* has so often explained as following the use of the roller in our grain fields is to be carried out on a smaller scale around the transplanted tree. The more we hammer and beat a sled the firmer it becomes; and the firmer it is made the more able it is to absorb moisture from the atmosphere, and fitted from the harder surrounding soil. Thus in many cases the half-dried caksy earth around a tree may be pulverized by merely beating it with a rammer, and very often this will serve the tree to much better purpose than even the most careful watering would do.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Deep and Shallow Plowing.

The Germantown *Telegraph* prints an article on this subject which contains some valuable suggestions, not only in regard to this matter, but in relation to routine farming in general. The article concludes with this sentence: "There is no department of industry where circumstances alter cases more than in this. While deep plowing is an excellent thing when circumstances suit, there are innumerable cases when it is wise to go the other way."

Our farmers in the West do not appreciate the force of this remark, as do the men who plow on the Atlantic slope. Much of the land east of the Alleghany mountains rests on a subsoil nearly destitute of potash and the phosphates, and the more of this subsoil that is cultivated, the more of potash and phosphoric acid are required to bring this up to the desired fertility; but unless the soil is so situated as to wash in time of heavy rains, the fertilizers are not lost but will be held in reserve for subsequent crops. A fertile subsoil saturated with water is no excuse for shallow cultivation as the writer seems to suppose. Such a soil demands, not shallow, but thorough under-draining. It is, however, true that sandy loams do not demand as deep culture as clay soils, and yet, even our bottom lands will pay for deep plowing, unless the gravel is very near the surface.

But there is one fact about deep plowing that must not be overlooked. If we cultivate but five inches of soil, we will exhaust its fertility in less than half the time required to produce the same exhaustion if we cultivate 10 inches; but when the exhaustion in deep cultivation comes, it will require a proportionally larger amount of manures to restore its fertility. Our cultivation should be adapted to the nature of the soil we cultivate, but whether we plow deep or shallow, the soil is never richer or more exhausted. It is cheaper to maintain the fertility of the farm than to restore it when lost.—*Indiana Farmer.*

Purifying Rancid Butter.

The *Scientific American* says: "Calvin Fox some 10 years ago obtained a patent for restoring and preserving butter; his knowledge relates to a new process of purifying butter, having especial reference to arresting fermentation and restoring rancid butter. His process consists in melting the butter in a clean vessel under a slow and regular heat, and while it is melting he adds two ounces of pulverized alum to every five pounds of butter, the butter being stirred gently while melting. When thoroughly melted it is strained through a fine strainer into cold water. The butter will rise to the surface quite pure and transparent. The alum coagulates the albumen, the caseine, and other foreign matter, all of which are retained in the strainer, leaving the butter perfectly pure and clean, and of uniform consistency.

"When the butter is sufficiently cool to be in good working order, it is carefully taken out and thoroughly worked, adding to each five pounds of butter three ounces of good dairy salt, or one ounce of clean saltpetre, and one ounces of powdered white sugar. The butter is then packed in clean vessels, and is fit for use.

"By covering it with strong brine and keeping it in a cool place, it is claimed it will remain sweet for any desired length of time.

Apropos to the above, a correspondent in *Land and Water* answers an inquiry in its columns who wants to know how to sweeten rancid butter, as follows: "If her butter is very bad, promises the writer, I cannot promise that the following plan will entirely restore it; but I can at least describe a process which I once watched at an agricultural show, where a machine for washing butter was at work, and where the very horridly odorous butter was rendered edible in a few minutes. It did its work very quickly and by the simple turning of a handle, and the same sort of process might be accomplished by means of a wire sieve or a strainer anywhere. The butter was forced through a finely perforated receptacle into a large tub of fresh cold water. It came rapidly raining down in a fine capilliform shower, lying upon the clear water in a tangle of golden filaments, singularly beautiful till the water was all covered with them. When the whole lump had thus been transformed into yellow threads, they were stirred and beaten about with a wooden beater; then collected and

FOSTER'S SPEECH

Arraignment of King Caucus

The Wickedness of Democracy.

Eloquent Effort of Hon. Charle Foster in Accepting the Nomination for Governor.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention:

I can thank you for the distinction you have just conferred on me. To be chosen standard-bearer by the distinguished and representative body of men composing this Convention of the great Republican party of the State of Ohio is indeed a marked compliment. He, who, at the head of our army, fought the war of the Rebellion to a successful terminat on, and who for eight years was Chief Magistrate of the Nation first saw the light of day in the State of Ohio. He, who, as War Secretary under the sainted and martyred Lincoln, organized victory was also of Ohio birth. He who now occupies the most exalted position on earth—and though some and perhaps many of the gentlemen before me dissagreed with some portions of his public policy, as all now are united in supporting him in the brave battle he is making for the preservation of the results of the war and for the protection of national authority against the dogma of the supremacy of States—he is also a son of our beloved State—the brilliant and chivalrous chieftain of our army and his fighting lieutenant, whose brilliant achievements we are proud to appropriate as the product of genius, bravery and the daring of our brave sons. The exalted position of the Chief Justice of the highest court of the nation is filled by one of our adopted sons. Who does not reverence the purity of his character and the justice of his opinions? He who, by a courage of the highest type, amid the malicious and merciless assaults of the opponents of honest money, steadily, earnestly and vigorously pressed forward in the straight and narrow path that led up to resumption and national prosperity—without his courage and guiding brain I doubt whether resumption would be an accomplished fact to day; he stands without a peer in the long line of distinguished men who have held the responsible office he now so worthily fills—he, too, is a Buckeye, "to the manor born." We must not forget that the distinguished statesman who, for eighteen years, has filled the seat once occupied by Giddings—the ablest debator in and by common consent the leader of his party in the House of Representatives of the Nation—is a fellow citizen of whom we are all justly proud. What a matchless galaxy of bright and distinguished names! To be chosen leader of a party of the State that carries their names upon its honorable rolls, is, indeed, an honor, that the most exalted may covet.

I trust I appreciate and feel the full force of the distinction you have given me and the responsibility it imposes. The issues in the pending campaign, both National and State, are sharp and easily defined. The Republican party stands for the honest and faithful enforcement of the results of the war, and the execution, both in the letter and spirit, of the amendments to the Constitution. We stand for the Constitution as it is, guaranteeing, as it does, life, liberty, pursuit of happiness, and equal rights to all the people, irrespective of race or previous condition. We care not how poor or black a man may be, he shall enjoy every political right accorded to the highest and whitest.

At the beginning of Pres dent Hayes' administration I believed that the policy he adopted would result in a division of public sentiment in the South, which would lead to an enforcement of the Constitutional amendments and a revival of prosperity in that section. I saw a year ago that my hopes in this regard were doomed to disappointment. I knew then, as I now know, that there is all over the South a feeling of discontent with Bourbon rule, as they term it: that rule requires loyalty to the Lost Cause as a passport to official position and social standing, but this feeling failed to assert itself. The aggressive secession element controls, and the results is a veiled scorn for the very crest of the doctrine of the supremacy of the States. The Democracy of the North act in the menial capacity of a tender to the Solid South, furnishing it with nourishment and digesting it; while the Solid South furnishes the head and tail of the great Democratic party. The Solid South has set up for its King, the Caucus. The seceding States alone furnishes the control of the caucus, to say nothing of Kentucky and other border States, where the secession element controls as firmly as in the seceding States themselves. The result is, that the Democratic party, under the rule of King Caucus, has committed itself to the repeal of the law that enabled Washington to put down the Whisky Rebellion of Pennsylvania; that enabled Jefferson to suppress the Aaron Burr conspiracy, and enabled "Old Hickory" to put down the nullifiers of South Carolina, and that enabled Lincoln to put down the Rebellion. In the assertion of State supremacy over National authority, under the rule of the Solid South through the caucus, we are menaced with a startling proposition that the 38,000,000 of Northern people, who pay 80 per cent. of the taxes, import 96 per cent. of the foreign goods and conduct 92 per cent. of the internal commerce of the country, are to have the constitutional amendments and results of the war interpreted, the policy of finance and taxation, internal and external commerce, determined upon and ruled by a portion of the country that pays but 11 per cent. of the taxes, imports only four per cent. of the foreign goods, conducts but eight per cent. of our internal commerce, and who, for five years sought by every means in their power to destroy the country. The Solid South will find that while the leaders of the Democratic party may yield to their demands, the rank and file will not. When the issue is tried and the jury renders the report, it will be found that, without leaving the box, the verdict will be a Solid North resisting these insulting demands so long as they are made

Now, gentlemen, speaking for myself, I say that if any man or set of men have a right to be called warts, with all that the name implies, it is he or they who had some faith that the policy of kindness would be reciprocated, and that good results would flow therefrom. We feel this consolation at least, that while heretofore in their murders, outrages, and denial of political rights, they justified themselves, and many in the North sympathized with them because of the alleged aggravation of carpet bag and bayonet rule, they now must accept the full responsibility for all their misdeeds. They have no carpet-baggers ruling them; they have no bayonets interfering with them—have home rule in the largest sense. Under this state of things all must admit that the denial of political rights are grosser and more offensive than ever before under the abuses of home rule. Their majority in both Houses of Congress was obtained under it. They come into Congress and pick up their unfinished speeches of last winter, where they seceded and left the halls of Congress, commencing just where they left off then in the advocacy of the doctrine that led them then—and will again unless it is nipped in the bud—into secession and rebellion. They demand the repeal of all the war measures upon our statute books, made, as they say, during the heat and strife of civil war. They even have the effrontery to flaunt the allegation of the patriotism of Jeff Davis in our faces, and assert it at they always have been and are yet the true friends of the Union, and the ablest and most ardent admirers of its flag. Under the rule of King Caucus the Presidential office is sought to be degraded, coerced into submission and the surrender of its constitutional prerogatives to its dictation, under the threat that unless the dictation is submitted to the Government shall starve to, death. In this attempt they have met with a vigorous resistance from the President, which we honor and applaud. His vetoes are models of force and logic and under them the country is electrified and the party united into an energy that will result in a victory that, by its magnificence will utterly paralyze the mad attempt to overthrow the dearly purchased results of the war.

The Democracy, just now, have much to say about the use of troops to preserve the peace on election day. They have a holy horror of the army. In Democratic days they could use the army with perfect propriety to force slavery upon the liberty loving people of Kansas and to compel you and me to assist in the capture of the panting fugitives seeking freedom. That was entirely proper and besides it was Constitutional. They now oppose the use of the army to keep the peace on election day, because they deny the power of the General Government to interfere in any form in the States in the matter of even the election of Presidential electors, and members of Congress. The fact is that no case has yet been found since the war was fairly over where any one person has been deprived of the right to vote by the military. Their only offense is that by their presence they have enabled thousands of honest citizens to vote, who otherwise could not have voted. Just now our Democratic friends are engaged in an effort to try to purify elections. This is strange, yet nevertheless they allege that it is true. I desire to ask when, where, in what State did the Democratic party ever favor laws to protect the ballot box beyond those of a purely character. Certainly it has not been in the State of Ohio. Complaint is made that because the National authority was invoked here in Cincinnati the Republican party succeeded in electing the two members of Congress from this City. Well, this is true, and if I am correctly informed it was the first honest election in the City for years The defeated candidates for Congress were urged to contest the election, and one of them, so I am informed, in reply, said there was but one ground of contest, and that was the election was fair, and that's what's the matter with us.

The Republican party stands for honest money—the maintenance of national honest credit. When we were compelled to use our credit by the issue of greenbacks to save the life of the Nation, we promised that we would redeem and make them equal to coin in value. That pledge is now redeemed. The party has battled steadily towards that end. At every step it has met the steady resistance of the Democratic party; first in the form of declared hostility to the greenback, and the National credit, and then taking the opposite view, they became the ardent admirers of the greenback, seeking its ruin by professions of affection and love for it.

Resumption is now an accomplished fact; we are feeling in all directions its revivifying effect: the improved upward movement is plainly perceptible; the demand for labor is increasing; money is plentier and cheaper; the dollar is of equal value to the rich and poor alike; the product of labor is improving in price, which must result in an increased demand and increased price for labor itself. The Secretary of the Treasury has been able to refund all the six and five per cent bonds that can be paid into bonds bearing four per cent. interest, saving in commission and premiums nearly $2,000,000 over the sum he was by law allowed to pay, and an annual saving in interest of more than $13,000,000. The credit of your country is equal to if not better than that of any other Government on earth.

These are Republican achievements, fought out and won over the violent opposition of the Democracy every step of the road that has taken more than 15 years to travel. We insist that resumption shall stand; we want no further tinkering with the financial laws of the country, at least for the present.

Our canvass will assume proportions of national importance to a really great extent, yet importance must be given to the discussion of the affairs of our State. These relate mainly to the good government of the various penal benevolent and reformatory institutions. Under Republican rule, these institutions were to a very large extent authorized and completed. Their management then was admirable in all respects—so much so that they had become the pride of our people. After a full investigation this was admitted by Gov. Allen and the Democratic Commissioners who made the investigation. I am not well informed of the details of the management of these investigations at present, but I think I hazard nothing in saying that Gov. Allen and an average Democratic Commissioner could not give the management a good character now. Scarcely one of them is without rumors of incompetent and dishonest management. Of some of them scandals are reported of the grossest and basest character. I make no charges, but am simply repeating certain rumors, and at the same time express the fear that there is too much truth in them. Am I surprised. It is the legitimate result of partisan rule in the management of them. The directors of these institutions should be men of high character, but one of whom should be induced to accept the place because of the emoluments. The officers and managers should be chosen for their fitness only. We demand that these institutions shall be organized in the interest of honesty, efficiency and humanity. The policy of an early extinction of our State debt should be alluded to, and additional restrictions should be thrown upon cities, villages, counties, townships and school districts, in regard to their power to tax the people, create or incur any form of indebtedness.

Experience with our Legislature of late years, and especially the present one, leads me to the conclusion that these sessions should be limited as to time, and that the constitution provision for biennial session should be enforced in its spirit. We condemn the partisan action of the present Legislature in overriding the will of the people by transferring political power from where it has been placed by them to a partisan judge for partisan purposes. Criminals are punished for the protection of the people, and not for the mere desire to punish. Pardons should only be granted when the good of society will not be injured thereby, and not from motives of sympathy for the criminal.

I know that this is not the time and place for a discussion of the issues involved in the canvass upon which we are about to enter, and will not detain you further, except to say that it will be my duty, as well as my pleasure, to give my entire time from the date of the opening of the campaign to its close, and will no doubt meet you all during that time. I should not be so fortunate, I now invite you to attend the inauguration ceremonies in Columbus in January next, where I expect to take an important part in the play. The tide is turning strongly in our favor, and I know that the interest and spirit manifested here to-day will keep it pushing to the end in a complete overflow of the Democracy.

A Bird's Courtship and Death.

St. Louis Times.

A lady who lives on Olive street relates the following: A few days ago there fell in front of her window from a tree a "chippy," or ground bird, such as chatter about the parks and streets. It seemed wearied and crippled. She picked it up, carried it in the house, fed it from her own mouth and at night placed it in the cage with her canary. The canary at once bestowed upon the new-comer all of the attention of a mother and nestled beside the little stranger during the night. In the morning the lady placed the chippy in the window so that it might have the privilege of regaining its freedom. It plumed its tiny wings and went away. The canary mourned during the day as he had lost its mate. In the evening the chippy came back and perched upon the window. The sash was raised and it flew in and nestled upon the cage; the canary at once struck up his liveliest notes and seemed gratified. This was repeated two or three days, the chippy going each morning and returning in the evening. One day it went away and did not come back. The canary drooped and next day fell dead from his perch in the sunshine that played over the gilded cage in the window. That night the chippy returned and during the evening it mourned over its dead companion. In the morning it clung to the cage until it was turned out. For a few days the empty cage was hung in the window, and on each succeeding evening the chippy returned and chirped as if it was grief-stricken. One day it brought a worm in its bill, dropped it in the cage, flew away and came back no more.

Another Trade Revival.

From the Columbus (O.) Journal.

Montgomery Blair will start a new Democratic newspaper at Washington about the first of June. It is understood that Tilden's barrel is to furnish the oil to grease the machinery.

Don't Decline Till Asked.

Buffalo Express.

My friend Thomas Hendricks needn't refuse to run with me again. It would be highly superfluous. I selected another man a long time ago.—S. J. Tilden.

A SOLID NO.

The President's Veto of the Legislative Bill

WASHINGTON, May 29.—The following message of Pres. Hayes was delivered to the House of Representatives today:

To the House of Representatives:

SIRS, After mature consideration of the bill entitled "an act making appropriations for the Legislative, Executive and Judicial expenses of the Government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1880, and for other purposes," I herewith return it to the House of Representatives, in which it originated, with the following objections to its approval:

The main purpose of the bill is to appropriate money required to support during the next fiscal year the several Civil Departments of the Government. The amount appropriated exceeds in aggregate eighteen millions of dollars. This money is needed to keep in operation the essential functions of all the great departments of the Government, Legislative, Executive and Judicial. It is all contained no other provisions, no objection to its approval would be made, it embraces, however, a number of clauses relating to subjects of great general interest which are wholly unconnected with the appropriation which it provides for.

Objections to the practice of tacking general legislation to the appropriation bills, especially when the object is to deprive a co ordinate branch of the Government of its right to the free exercise of its own discretion and judgment touching such general legislation, were set forth in the special message in relation to House bill No. one, which was returned to the House of Representatives on the 29th of last month. I regret that the objections which were then expressed to this method of legislation, have not seemed to Congress of sufficient weight to dissuade from this renewed incorporation of general enactments in an appropriation bill, and that my constitutional duty in respect to the general legislation thus placed before me cannot be discharged without seeming to delay, however briefly, the necessary appropriations by Congress for the support of the Government. Without repeating those objections, I respectfully refer to that message for a statement of my views on the principle maintained in debate by advocates of this bill, viz: that to withhold appropriations is a constitutional means for the "redress" of what a majority of the House of Representatives may regard as a "grievance." The bill contains the following clauses, viz:

"And provided further that the following sections of the revised statutes of the United States, viz: sections 2016, 2018 and 2020, and all of the succeeding sections of said statutes down to and including section 2027, and also section 5522, be and the same are hereby repealed, * * * * * and that all the other sections of revised statutes and all laws and parts of laws authorizing the appointment of Chief Supervisors of elections, Special Deputy Marshals of elections, or General Deputy Marshals, having any duties to perform in respect to any elections, and prescribing their duties and powers and allowing them compensation, be and the same are hereby repealed."

It also contains clauses amending sections 2017, 2019 2028 and 2031 of the Revised Statutes. The section of the Revised Statutes, which the bill, if approved, would repeal or amend, are part of an act approved May 30, 1870, and amended February 28, 1871, entitled "An act to enforce the rights of citizens of the United States to vote in the several States of this Union and for other purposes."

All of the provisions of the above-named acts, which it is proposed in this bill to repeal or modify, relate to Congressional elections. The remaining portion of the law, which will continue in force after the enactment of this measure, is that which provides for the appointment, by the Judge of the Circuit Court of the United States, of two Supervisors of Election in each election district, at any Congressional election, on due application of citizens who desire, in the language of the law "to have such election guarded and scrutinized," the duty of Supervisors will be to attend at the polls at an Congressional election and to remain after the polls are open until every vote cast has been counted, but they will have no authority to make arrests or to perform other duties than to be in the immediate presence of the officers holding the election, and to witness all their proceedings, including the counting of votes, and making a return thereof.

The part of the election law which will be repealed by the approval of this bill includes those sections which give authority to the Supervisors of Election to personally scrutinize, count and canvass each ballot, and all of the sections which confer authority upon the United States Marshals and Deputy Marshals in connection with Congressional elections.

The enactment of this bill will also repeal section 5522 of the criminal statutes of the United States which was enacted for the protection of the United States' officers engaged in the discharge of their duties at Congressional elections. This section protects Supervisors and Marshals in the performance of their duties by making the obstruction or assaulting of the officers, or any interference with them by bribery or solicitation or otherwise, crimes against the United States. The true meaning and effect of the proposed legislation are plain. Supervisors with authority to observe and witness proceedings at Congressional elections will be left, but there will be no power to protect them or to prevent interference with their duties or to punish any violation of the law from which their powers are derived.

If this bill is approved, only a shadow of authority of the United States at National elections will remain. The substance will be gone. Supervision of elections will be reduced to mere inspection, without authority on the part of supervisors to do any act whatever to make the election a fair one. All that will be left to supervisors is permission to have such oversight of elections as political parties are in the habit of exercising, without any authority of law, in order to prevent their opponents from obtaining unfair advantages. The object of the bill is to destroy any control whatever by the United States over Congressional elections.

The passage of this bill has been urged upon the ground that the election of members of Congress is a matter which concerns the States alone; that these elections should be controlled exclusively by the States: that there are and can be no such elections and that the existing law of the United States regulating Congressional elections is without a warrant in the constitution. It is evident, however, that the framers of the constitution, regarded the election of members of Congress in every State, and in every district, as in a very important sense, justly a matter of political interest and concern to the whole country. The original provision of the constitution on the subject is as follows:

"Section four, article one—The times, places and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof, but Congress may at any time, by law, make or alter such regulations except as to places of choosing a Senator."

A further provision has been since added which is embraced in the 15th amendment. It is as follows:

"Section 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude."

"Section 2 The Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

Under a general provision of the Constitution (section four, article one,) Congress in 1865 passed a comprehensive law, which prescribed the full and detailed regulation of Senators by the Legislatures of the several States. This law has been in force almost 13 years. In pursuance of it all of the members of the present Senate of the United States hold their seats. Its constitutionality is not called in question. It is confidently believed that no sound argument can be made in support of the constitutionality of the National regulation of senatorial elections which will not show that the elections of members of the House of Representatives may also be constitutionally regulated by national authority.

The bill before me itself recognizes the principle that the Congressional elections are not State elections but national elections. It leaves in full force the existing statute under which Supervisors are still to be appointed by national authority, to "observe and witness" Congressional elections whenever due application is made by citizens who desire the said elections to be "guarded and scrutinized." If the power to supervise in any respect whatever the Congressional elections exists under Section 4, Article one, of the Constitution, it is a power which, like every other power belonging to the Government of the United States, is paramount and supreme, and includes the right to employ the necessary means to carry it into effect. Statutes of the United States which regulate the election of members of the House of Representatives an essential part of which it is proposed to repeal by this bill, have been in force about eight years, four Congressional elections having been held under them, two of which were at the Presidential elections of 1872 and 1876. Numerous prosecutions, trials, and convictions have been had in the Courts of the United States in all parts of the Union for vindication of the laws. In no reported case has their constitutionality been called in question by any Judge of the Courts of the United States.

The validity of these laws is sustained by the uniform course of judicial action and opinion. It is urged that the United States election laws are not necessary, an ample reply is furnished by the history of their origin and of their results. They were especially prompted by the investigation and exposure of frauds committed in the City and State of New York at the elections of 1868. Committees representing both of the leading political parties of the country have submitted reports to the House Representatives in extenso of those frauds. A Committee of the 40th Congress, after a full investigation, found that the votes cast in the City of New York alone in '68 was not less than 25,000. A Committee of the 44th Congress in their report submitted in '77 adopted the opinion that for every 100 actual votes of the City of New York in '68, 108 votes were cast, when, in fact, the number of lawful votes cast could not have exceeded 88 per cent. of the actual votes cast. By this statement the number of fraudulent votes cast at that election in the City of New York alone was between 30 000 and 40,000. These frauds completely reversed the result of the election in the State of New York both as to choice of Governor and State officers, and as to the choice of electors of the President and Vice President of the United States, they attracted the attention of the whole country. It was plain that if they could be continued and repeated with impunity, free government was impossible.

A distinguished Senator in opposing the passage of the election laws, declared that he had for a long time believed that our form of government was a comparative failure in larger cities. To meet these evils and to prevent these crimes, the United States laws regulating Congressional elections were enacted.

The framers of these laws have not been disappointed in their results. In large cities under their provisions their elections have been peaceable, orderly and honest. Even the opponents of these laws have borne testimony to their value and efficiency, and to the necessity for their enactment. A Committee of the Forty-fourth Congress, composed of members, a majority of whom were opposed to these laws, in their report of the New York election of 1876 said: "The Committee would commend to other portions of the country and to other Cities this remarkable system developed through the agency of the best local and federal authorities, acting in harmony for an honest purpose. In no portion of the world and in no era of time where there has been an expression of the popular will through forms of law has there been a more complete and thorough illustration of Republican institutions whatever may have been the previous habit or conduct of election in those cities, or howsoever they may conduct themselves in the future, this election of 1876 will stand as a monument of what saith, honest endeavor, legal forms and just authority may do for the protection of the editorial franchise.

This bill recognizes the authority and duty of the United States to appoint supervisors to guard and scrutinize Congressional elections, but denies to the Government of the United States, all power to make its supervision effectual The great body of people of all parties want free and fair elections. They do no think that a free election means freedom from wholesale restraint of law, or that the place of an election should be a sanctuary for lawlessness and crime. On the day of an election peace and good order are more necessary than on any other day of the year. On that day the humblest and feeblest citizen, weak and infirm, should be and should have reason to feel that they are safe in the exercise of their most responsible duty and their most sacred right. As members of society their duty and their right is to vote constitutional authority to regulate Congressional elections, which belongs to the Government of the United States, and when it is necessary to exert to secure the right to vote to every citizen possessing the requisite qualifications, ought to be enforced by appropriate legislation. So far from public opinion in any part of the country favoring any relaxtion of the authority of the Government in the protection of elections from violence and corruption, I believe it demands greater vigor both in enactment and in the execution of laws framed for that purpose. Any oppression, any partisan partiality which experience may have shown in the working of existing laws may well engage the careful attention both of Congress and of the Executive in their respective sphere of duty, for the correction of these mischiefs. As no Congressional elections occur until after the regular session of Congress will have been held, there seems to be no public exigency that would preclude a seasonable consideration at that session of any administration details that might improve the present method designed for the protection of all citizens in the complete and equal exercise of the right and power of suffrage at such elections. But with my views, both of the Constitutionality and of the value of existing laws, I cannot approve any measure for their repeal, except in connection with which can reasonably be expected to afford wiser and more efficient safeguards for free and honest Congressional elections.

[Signed] RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

Executive Mansion, May 29, 1879.

Love in a Prison.

The following is the latest prison romance, and the scene is the Berkshire (Mass.,) county jail. Nellie Grant, a girl of dubious antecedents, was imprisoned as a witness in a murder case. She was quite pretty, and possessing a fine soprano voice was a good singer. She was excessively fond of "revival tunes," and persuaded the jailor to purchase her a Moody and Sankey hymnal. From this she would sing for hours, augmenting her own comfort and that of the other prisoners. Among these was a miscreant Milesian chap who had been indulging in some waywardness that sent him to the county "reception room" for a period of 60 days. Dennis O Brien was his name, and Killarney's romantic vales his native soil. Dennis was young, not altogether bad to the core, and a pretty fair "broth of a boy." He was placed in the cell immediately contiguous to Nellie's. Dennis was also a pretty fair vocalist, with a tendency to the basso in tone. Nellie's singing charmed him, and he declared he would become an honest and respectable citizen. A stovepipe ran through the cells. Besides this a small aperture. Through this opening Dennis and Nellie passed letters. A few days since Dennis was released, and now he and Nellie have been married in the good old fashioned way, and settled down to the delights of matrimonial felicity.

The Only Man.

Rochester Democrat. (Rep)

The Rebel brigadiers are rapidly demonstrating that the only way to prevent them from obtaining the ends they fought for is for the loyal masses they fought to stay in the field and hold them down until another generation takes the field.

Hardly Ever.

Ferney's Progress.

"You are right," says a lady correspondent: "we do not go to matinees and [illegible] exhibitions to flirt;" and then she adds: "but if we do, it is because our husbands never will find the time to [illegible] any us on account of business [illegible] own pleasures."

CONGRESSIONAL.

Forty-sixth Congress—Extra Session.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, May 27.

The Senate proceeded to consider the bill relative to the transportation of animals, the pending question being on Sen. Voorhees' amendment to strike out the clause providing for the appointment of inspectors, which, after debate, was adopted.

Sen. SAULSBURY thought the subject not one for National legislation.

Sen. EDMUNDS said this was a subject for general legislation and not one contemplated in the convening of the extra session. He moved that it be postponed until the first Monday in December next. Agreed to.

The Senate then took up the bill to make subsidiary coin exchangeable for lawful money, and without acting thereon adjourned.

HOUSE.

The House proceeded to consideration of the bill to prevent the introduction of contagious or infectious diseases into the United States, the Senate bill in relation to that subject being substituted for the House bill.

The committee has authorized a favorable report to the House of the bill giving to all religious denominations equal rights and privileges in the Indian reservation.

Mr. McGOWAN spoke in favor of the bill.

Mr. RICE approved it.

Mr. CONGER advocated the bill, which, if it meant anything, meant that the Federal Government was supreme and absolute authority over the States If States' rights could interfere with the exercise of the omnipotent power of Congress to defend the people, let them come. Let those who advocated them bring on the rights of the States to prevent Congress from following the impulse of its nature. Let the States Rights men pass this bill and they would have passed the Rubicon. Let them pass this bill, which the scourge of pestilence compelled them to pass, for in no other way could they shut out the scourge of pestilence from the land, and they would have overstepped all their timely drawn distinctions. The friends of State rights do not make that question paramount when the lives of thousands of their fellow citizens were quivering in the balance between the doctrine of State rights and the power of the general government to fence out pestilence and death. Mr. HOOKER expressed his surprise that the pending measure should have provoked a discussion of the question of States' rights. The fact that the bill received the sanction of every member of the committee proved that the retaining in the bill of State, County and municipal quarantine systems was not to be taken as questioning the power of the national government to establish a national quarantine. No one who voted for the bill, and no one who voted against it, would do so on the ground that it was an invasion of State rights, after an acknowledgment of generosity of northern people in the last yellow fever epidemic. He expressed the hope that the same sentiment would find expression in the vote of the House in favor of the bill.

The House then proceeded to consider the bill by sections.

Mr. HARRIS offered an amendment to the first section to insert the words "or establish health laws of any State."

Mr. YOUNG, (Tenn.,) while not objecting to the amendment, appealed to the House not to amend the bill at all, lest it should fail in the Senate for want of action prior to adjournment.

Mr. POUND—That is the first I have heard of there being any danger of adjournment of Congress.

Mr. ROBINSON asked Mr. Young whether he was willing that Congress should sojourn without passing the appropriation bills.

Mr. YOUNG reported that he was not.

The amendment was rejected and the section was agreed to.

An amendment was offered by Mr. MORGAN to the second section and it was also rejected.

Mr. YOUNG then moved the previous question on the whole bill.

The previous question was seconded and the Senate bill was passed without any amendment.

It now only awaits the signature of the President to become a law.

Leave of absence having been asked for by Mr. Garfield and several other members, objection was made by Mr. Keagan to any leaves of absence being granted except on account of sickness.

The House then adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, May 28.

There was considerable discussion of resolutions offered yesterday by Sen. McDonald referring to the petition and memorial of the ex soldiers and sailors of Rhode Island, complaining of violations of the Civil Service rules and of Federal interference in elections and of a denial of certain citizens of the right to vote on appropriate committees.

Sen. ANTHONY said the Collector of Customs mentioned in memorial was not appointed by his advice, but as he knew him to be a competent man he did not think it necessary to object to his appointment merely because he was a relative.

The morning hour expiring, the resolutions went over. The Senate then took up the bill to make subsidiary coin exchangeable for lawful money and necessary in Northwestern Ohio and elsewhere, and his speech produced intense enthusiasm among the delegates and audience. The nomination was seconded by Mr. Jackson, (colored) of Cleveland.

Gen. J. W. Keifer, of Clark County, was also nominated but withdrawn. The Convention then proceeded to ballot.

The first ballot resulted—Whole number of votes, 554. Foster—280 1 6; Taft—273 5 6.

CINCINNATI, May 28.—After the nominations were made for Lieutenant Governor; Hon. Lewis Sessongood, of Cincinnati, Andrew Hickenlooper, of Cincinnati, Gen. Saml. H. Hurst, of Chillicothe, Col. A. S. McClure, of Wooster.

While the ballot was progressing the name of Mr. Hurst was withdrawn and at the close of the ballot McClure's name was also withdrawn. The announcement of these changes caused the transfer of a number of votes, and when the ballot stood: Whole number of votes 521; Hickenlooper, 300; Seasongood, 131.

The former's nomination was unanimous.

After the selection of Lieutenant Governor the committee which had been appointed to wait on Mr. Foster appeared, bringing that gentleman with them. His appearance on the platform caused a lively exhibition of enthusiasm throughout the vast auditorium. His speech was quite lengthy but its points were loudly applauded. The following is the remainder of the ticket nominated:

Judge of the Supreme Court—W. W. Johnson, of Lawrence.

Attorney General—Geo. K. Nash, of Franklin.

Auditor of State—John F Oglevee, of Clark.

Treasurer of State—Joseph Turney, of Cuyahoga.

Member Board of Public Works—Jas. Fullington.

Eaten by Alligators.

Quitman Free Press.

Almost everybody in Lowndes County, Georgia, knew Downing. He was a fisherman, and for years had supplied the Valdosta market with fish from the ocean pond. He fished for several days, or until he had a load, and then he went to market. His protracted absence during the first part of last week attracted the attention of his fri

News of the Week.

THE CAPITAL.

The chief of the bureau of statistics, in the tenth monthly statement for the current fiscal year, of imports and exports of the United States says: The exports over imports of merchandise were, for the 10 months ended April 30, 1879, $241,443,623; for the same period in 1878, $227,042,087; for the 12 months ended April 30, 1879 they were $272,215,770; for the year 1878 they were $221,000,013.

At an informal meeting of the Democratic Conference Committee, held on the 27 a general interchange of views was had upon the appropriation bills and other measures pending before Congress. A member of the committee, who left previous to the adjournment, said there had been no propositions submitted and that the purpose of the meeting was to enable members to freely express themselves on the various questions at issue. The meeting was slimly attended, Messrs Gibb, Carlisle, Hampton and Jones (Fla.) being absent. In reply to an inquiry to-night Mr. Cox said he did not anticipate that the Southern Democrats intended to request the Northern members of the party to map out a plan of future procedure as has been stated. Should they do so he did not favor any such transaction, as in his opinion the Southern members should share the responsibility of any caucus action by which the party will be bound. Up to a late hour the Conference was still in progress.

The declared intention to proceed with chartered boats to remove negroes from the Mississippi Valley, under the alleged advice and promised protection of the President created much indignation among the members of the Mississippi and Louisiana delegations. Several members representing these delegations have called upon the President since the publication of the Conway interview, and he protested against the use made of his name in the matter. The President however assured those calling upon him in connection with the affair that he had not advised any one to make such a movement. Representatives King, Ellis and Gibson, of Louisiana, Thursday in the conversation with Pres. Hayes on the subject, represented to him that from the report of his declarations with regard to the exodus the impression would be created that he (the President) favored the exodus and would extend Government aid in furtherance of it. The reply of the President was in substance that nothing whatever had transpired in his interview which could bear such construction. His only declaration was that the navigation of the Mississippi river should be free and must remain unmolested. The President expressed the opinion that while any citizen, white or colored, had a perfect right to migrate from one portion of the country to another, it would certainly be very unfortunate for large masses of colored people to proceed to any one particular section of the country, and if they saw fit to remove it would, in his opinion, be better if they could be generally settled throughout the entire country. He expressed no opinion as to the policy or wisdom of the present Southern exodus. Upon being informed by Mr. King that an impression was being conveyed among the colored people of his district that the Government would sustain them in migrating southward, the President said there was no foundation whatever for the circulation of such an idea. He regarded the story as being unfortunate, inasmuch as it might tend to unsettle those contemplating migration.

Coinage executed at the United States Mints during May:

Denomination.	Pieces.	Value.
Gold—Double eagles	18,430	$2,760
" Quarter eagles	43,000	107,750
Total gold	181,900	$2,870,750
Silver—Dollars	2,330,000	$2,330,000
Minor coinage—Five cents	6,800	204
" Cents	448,400	4,484
Total minor coinage	455,200	$4,708
Total coinage	2,967,500	$5,215,258

EAST.

At Boston May 28, There was a thoroughly representative gathering at the funeral of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, which took place at the First Church, Rox bury, at 2:30 this afternoon. The building was crowded, and many were unable to procure admission. The floral decorations were the offerings of individuals, and not excessively elaborate. The order of exercises was as follows: Reading of the scriptures by Samuel May; hymn, "Christmas," by Handel; address by Lucy Stone; address by Rev. Samuel Johnson; hymn, "Lenox;" address by Theodore D. Weld; hymn; "Amsterdam;" address by Wendell Phillips. The choir was composed of a colored quartette, and the musical selections were designated by Mr. Garrison before his death. The pall bearers were Wendell Phillips, Oliver Johnson, Charles L. Mitchell, Robert F. Walcott, Samuel May, Theodore D. Weld, Samuel E. Sewall and Lewis Hayden.

At Saratoga May 29, the Baptist Home Missionary Society held its 47th anniversary this afternoon. Vice President William Stickney presided. The Corresponding Secretary read the report of the past year: Receipts, $217,000; expenditures, including loans of church edifice fund, $207,300. Increase of receipts over last year, $11,884; the debt has been diminished $14,835. Rev. Dr. Lorimer, from the Committee on the Union of the Various Women's Missionary Organizations, reported that they had been consulting with the representatives of various organizations and with their full assent reported resolutions advising that all of them disband and form a new one with headquarters in New York, to pursue the work now done by them. As an addendum to the report he read a statement from the Women's society, having its headquarters at Chicago, claiming to have been the first in the field, rehearsing the facts relative to their organization, and how they had tried to work in union with the American Baptist Home Missionary society, but were not treated courteously, still they were willing to accept the compromise resolutions. After remarks by Rev. Mr. Hoyt, of Ohio, Rev. Mr. Bright's report was adopted.

Mr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, is the generous and successful young business man who is building a handsome observatory for Professor Swift. It is to be called the "Warner Observatory."

To vote in Massachusetts for members of the School Committee, a woman must be 21 years old, able to read and write, and have paid a tax within a year and resided for that time in the State and six months in the Town where she is to vote.

Between 40 and 50 barrels of cider have been consumed by a family of four persons in Northbridge, Mass., since last Fall. The mother died first, six weeks ago; the youngest son died in the same way soon after; the oldest son, suffering from fits, has been given up by his physician; and the father has the delirium tremens; all of which would seem to demonstrate that man was not made to live by apple-juice alone.

At New York June 3. In the Swedenborgian Convention reports of the Board of Missions were read, showing the good effected in the United States, Italy, Germany, Denmark and Sweden. Resolutions, providing that monies collected for missionary work be distributed among diligent missionaries not only in the Southern States, but also in the West and Northwest; allowing various associations to conduct the missionary work in their own way in their own limits or territory, were adopted. The Board of Publication was reduced to five members.

At Portland, Me., June 3 he Greenback State Convention met. William Rust was made permanent Chairman. The Committee on Resolutions and Nominations were appointed and a recess taken.

WEST.

Last week the military brought about 150 people from the ceded lands in the Indian Territory, and "on their way out met about 250 going in, who, being asked where they were going, replied 'to Texas,' and were allowed to go on unmolested." At this rate it will be a good while before the intruders are driven from Oklahoma.

At Panama June 2, the sessions of the House have been characterized by most disgraceful disorder. The people in the galleries openly expressed their contempt and hatred of certain members whose hostility against the executive has been most marked and those members increased the disorder by making most impassioned attacks against the President of the Republic. The populace replied with volleys of stones. Members used their revolvers in turn. Things got to such a pass the 7th of May that Gen. Trujillo with a battalion of Columbus Guards cleared the galleries, adjourned the session and escorted the members home.

SOUTH.

Jackson, Tenn., May 31, A majority of the State Supreme Court at this morning decided that the previous charter of the City of Memphis has been validly repealed by the late Legislature and that the same people and same territory have been constitutionally re-incorporated under a general law providing for the organization of municipal corporations. Judges Freeman and Turney, in a dissenting opinion hold that the repealing act is valid, but that the acts creating a taxing district are unconstitutional and void. This decision sustains the present taxing district government.

At Richmond June 2 Judge Christian, of the Hustings County Court, gave his answer to the petition of the committee of colored citizens asking him to summon as jurors all persons entitled to serve and whose names may appear upon the poll books without discrimination between white men and black men on juries. The petition was presented in conformity with a resolution adopted by the convention of colored people held in this City, on the 19th of May, for the purpose of considering measures for the amelioration and improvement of the condition of the colored race, etc. Judge Christian in answer says he has given the matter calm and deliberate consideration. He concurs fully in the reasons given by his predecessor, the late Judge Guigon, for refusing the petition, asking that in cases where colored persons are accused of crime they should be tried by colored jurors who could read and write. He quotes from the laws as to who are qualified to serve as jurors and how they shall be summoned, etc., and says there can be no question that the State has the right to prescribe the mode in which jurors are to be selected and summoned, and trials conducted in its Courts. He says the only principle which has governed, or will hereafter govern him in the discharge of the duty of selecting jurors is that which shall enable him to comply with the law and at the same time secure the best material for its proper enforcement. When he finds that he can best do this by selecting colored jurors he will do so, but not till then. In conclusion Judge Christian says: I have in the past selected the best material I could find to discharge the important trusts confided to them. I expect to do the same in the future, with an eye single to what I understand to be my duty under the law, and what I believe to be the best and highest interests of all classes in this community. I will file the petition, and continue to put only such persons on juries as I think are well qualified, as the law requires me to do.

FOREIGN.

Cape Colony.

King Cetywayo, elated with his success, and apparently learning that Lord Chelmsford's columns have made a forward movement, has summoned all his followers and taken a strong position at the fork of White Umvelosi. At his back are some of the highest mountains of Zululand, densely wooded at the base. The country in front is swampy. Here the King evidently awaits the the British. Native scouts state he has declared that he will never surrender. He is believed to have collected all his available forces, and no raids into Natal are now feared.

Germany.

A dispatch says Bismarck's note inviting the Cities of Hamburg and Bremen to surrender their privilege as free ports and to associate themselves with the Imperial fiscal system, is couched in such terms as to leave no choice between submission and certainty of compulsion.

Spain.

At Yokahama, May 16 the preparations continue for Grant's reception on a grand scale. Several high officials are added to the committee of reception and entertainment, among whom are Soyeshima, the former minister of foreign affairs. The iron-clad steamship "Fooso" the finest in the Japanese navy, was dispatched to Nagasaki to await his arrival there. The party will be invited to leave the "Ashuelot" and take up its quarters on board the Japanese flagship as the guest of His Imperial Majesty. The present expectation is that Grant will proceed.

China.

The steamer "Oceanic" from Hong Kong San Francisco arrived, via Yokohama, bringing Hong Kong advices of May 3: Grant's visit absorbs public attention everywhere. He arrived at Saigie Friday evening, April 25, in the French war steamship "Iravaddy," and was invited with his party by Rear Admiral Lespes to become the Governor of French Cochin Chinato sojourn at the Government house. Passed the night there and visited the public buildings and places of interest and had a public levee on the night of the 26th, returning to the ship at midnight. The voyage was resumed on the 27th, and they reached Hong Kong on the eve of April 29th. The ship was immediately boarded by the United States Consul Mosby, of Hong Kong, Lincoln, of Canton, charge d' affairs Holcombe and deputations of the citizens of various countries.

May 5th, the party started for Canton in the United States steamer "Ashuelot," escorted by a Chinese gunboat. Salutes were fired by batteries all along the river. He was received at Canton, May 6th, by the consular officials and conducted to the Viceroy's, about three miles from the point of debarkation. The crowd was enormous—at least 100,000 persons. He was greeted by the Viceroy and attendant officers with great form and ceremony. The few following days will be devoted to receptions and entertainments by European and Chinese parties.

The party expect to leave Hong Kong for the north on May 11th, and will touch at Amoy and Foo Chow and arrive at Shanghai about the 18th; thence —so far as is yet decided—to Tien Tsin and Pe king, after which probably direct from Chefoo to Nagasaki, Japan, by sea from Nagasaki to Hiogo, and thence through to Kioto, the ancient capital, by land 300 miles to Tokio.

Campbells and Macdonalds.

Halifax (N. S.) Herald.

A good story is told of the Marquis of Lorne and two Glengary Highlanders who called on him the other day. Ever since the massacre at Glencoe, in which the Campbells did the bloody work of the Crown, the clan Campbell have been in bad odor with the clan Macdonald, and other sects; indeed, it is a proverb that the Macdonalds and Campbells "canna eat o' the same kail-pot." The Glengary men, Macdonalds to the backbone, were in Ottawa on business, and, after much debate, resolved to pay their respects to the Marquis of Lorne as the Governor-General, not as the son of the Callum Mor. On their way to the hall they talked the matter over again, and one of them suggested that perhaps the Marquis, being a Campbell, would refuse to see a Macdonald, in which case their position would be humiliating. At the gate they met the Marquis with Maj. de Wintons and, taking them for servants, the Highlandman asked if the Marquis would care to meet "twa Macdonalds" to call on the Marquis. His Excellency replied that the Marquis bore no malice to the Macdonalds, and that Sir John Macdonald being his first Minister, it was clear the Macdonalds had forgiven the Campbells. "Forgiven the Campbells!" cried one of the visitors, "forgotten Glencoe! Sir John is paid for that; he has $50 000 a year for it; but the diel take me 'gin we forgie or forget!" and with this the choleric Gaels turned their faces toward Ottawa. The Marquis, however, disclosed himself, and, after a hearty handshaking, the feud was temporarily healed. The visitors were turned over to the Argyleshire piper, who is a prominent member of the household, and by him treated so handsomely that on their departure they frankly acquitted the Marquis of all responsibility for the massacre.

Excellent Running Capacity.

Albany Journal.

Mr. Foster was four times elected to Congress in a District with nearly 3 000 Democratic majority. In gerrymandering the State the Democrats put another thousand of their sort in his District, and Mr. Foster nearly beat them even then. He has excellent running capacity.

For the Blade.

ANDERSONVILLE

A STORY OF SOUTHERN PRISONS.

The Life of a Prisoner-of-War in Richmond, Andersonville, Savannah, Millen, Charleston and Florence.

BY A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

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CHAPTER I.

A FATHER IN ISRAEL.

As the train left the northern suburbs of Savannah we came upon a scene of busy activity, strongly contrasting with the somnolent lethargy that seemed to be the normal condition of the City and its inhabitants. Long lines of earth works were being constructed, gangs of negros were felling trees, building forts and batteries, making abattis and toiling with numbers of huge guns which were being moved out and placed in position.

As we had had no new prisoners nor any papers for some weeks—the papers being doubtless designedly kept away from us—we were at a loss to know what this meant. We could not understand this erection of fortifications on that side, because, knowing as we did how well the flanks of the City were protected by the Savannah and Ogeeche Rivers, we could not see how a force from the coast—whence we supposed an attack must come, could hope to reach the City's rear, especially as we had just come up on the right flank of the City, and saw no sign of our folks in that direction.

Our train stopped for a few minutes at the edge of this line of works, and an old citizen who had been surveying the scene with senile interest, tottered over to our car to take a look at us. He was a type of the old man of the South of the scanty middle class, the small farmers. Long white hair and beard, spectacles with great round staring glasses, a broad-brimmed hat of ante-Revolutionary pattern, clothes that had apparently descended to him from some ancestor who had come over with Oglethorpe, and a two-handed staff with a head of buckhorn, upon which he leaned as old peasants do in plays, formed such an image as recalled to me the picture of the old man in the illustrations in "The Dairyman's Daughter." He was as garrulous as a magpie, and as opinionated as a Southern white always is.

Halting in front of our car, he steadied himself by planting his staff, clasping it with both lean and skinny hands, and leaning forward upon it, his jaws then addressed themselves to motion thus:

"Boys, who mout these be that ye got?"

One of the Guards—"O, these is some Yanks that we've bin hivin' down at Camp Sumter."

"Yes?" (with an upward inflection of the voice, followed by a close scrutiny of us through the goggle-eyed glasses.) "Wall, they're a powerful ornary lookin' lot, I'll declah."

It will be seen that the old gentleman's perceptive powers were much more highly developed than his politeness.

"Well, they ain't what ye mout call purty, that's a fack," said the guard.

"So yer Yanks, air ye?" said the venerable Goober-Grabber (the nick-name in the South for Georgians), directing his conversation to me. "Wall, I'm powerful glad to see ye, an' especially where ye can't do no harm; I've wanted to see some Yankees ever sence the beginnin' of the wah, but hev never had no chance. Whah did ye cum from?"

I seemed called upon to answer and said: "I came from Illinois; most of the boys in this car are from Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Iowa."

"'Deed! All Westerners, air ye? Wall, do ye know I alluz liked the Westerners a heap sight better than them blue bellied New England Yankees."

No discussion with a Rebel ever proceeded very far without his making an assertion like this. It was a favorite declaration of theirs, but its absurdity was comical, when one remembered that the majority of them could not for their lives tell the names of the New England States, and could no more distinguish a Downeaster from an Illinoisan than they could tell a Saxon from a Bavarian. One day, while I was holding a conversation, similar to the above with an old man on guard, another guard, who had been stationed near a squad made up of Germans, who talked altogether in the language of the Fatherland, broke in with

"Out there by post numbah feahteen, where I waz yesterday, there's a lot of Yanks as I never did see jabbered away all the hull time, and I hope I may never see the back of my neck of I could understand ary word they said. Are them the regular blue-belly kind?"

The old gentleman entered upon the next stage of the invariable routine of discussion with a Rebel:

"Wall; what air you'uns down heah, a-fightin' we'uns foh?"

As I had answered this question several hundred times, I had found the most extinguishing reply to be to ask in return:

"What are you'uns coming up into our country to fight we'uns for?"

Disdaining to notice this return in kind, the old man passed on to the next stage:

"What are you'uns takin' ouah niggahs away from us foh?"

Now, if negros had been as cheap as creole watches, it is doubtful whether the speaker had ever had money enough in his possession at one time to buy one, and yet he talked of taking away "ouah niggahs," as if they were as plenty as blackberries in a hilly place as hills of corn. As a rule, the more abjectly poor a Southerner was, the more readily he worked himself into a rage over the idea of "takin' away ouah niggahs."

I replied in burlesque of his assumption of ownership:

"What are you coming up North to burn my rolling mills and rob my comrade here's bank, and plunder my brother's store, and burn down my uncle's factories?"

No reply to this counter thrust. The old man paused to the third inevitable proposition:

"What air you'uns puttin' ouah niggahs in the field to fight we uns foh?"

Then the whole car-load shouted back at him at once:

"What are you'uns putting blood hounds on our trails to hunt us down, for?"

Old Man—savagely—"Waal, ye don't think ye kin ever lick us; least ways sich fellers as ye air?"

Myself—"Well, we warmed it to you pretty lively until you caught us. There were none of us but what were doing about as good work as any stock you fellows could turn out. No Rebels in our neighborhood had much to brag on. We are not a drop in the bucket, either. There's millions more better men than we are where we came from, and they are all determined to stamp out your miserable Confederacy. You've got to come to it, sooner or later; you must knock under, sure as white blossoms make apples. You'd better make up your little mind to it."

O. M.—"No sah, nevah. Ye nevah kin conquer us! We're the bravest people and the best fighters on airth. Ye nevah kin whip any people that's a fightin' fur their liberty, an' their right, an' ye nevah kin whip the South, sah any way. We'll fight ye until all the men air killed, and then the wimmen'll fight ye, sah."

M—"Well, you may think so, or you may not. From the way our boys are snatching the Confederacy's real estate away, it begins to look as if you'd not have enough to fight anybody on pretty soon. What's the meaning of all this fortifying?"

O. M.—"Why, don't you know? Our folks air fixin' up a place for Bill Sherman to butt his brains out agin'."

"Bill Sherman!" we all shouted in surprise: "Why Sherman ain't within 200 miles of this place, is he?"

Old Man—"Yes, but he is, tho.' He thinks he's played a sharp Yankee trick on Hood. He found cut he couldn't lick him in a squar fight, nohow; he'd tried that on too often; so he just sneaked 'round behind him, and made a break for the center of the State, where he thought there was lots of good stealin' to be done. But we'll show him. We'll soon hev him' just whar we want him, an' we'll learn him how to go trapesin' 'round the country, stealin' niggahs, burnin' cotton, an' running off folkses' beef critters. He sees now the scrape he's got into, an' he's he's tryin' to get to the coast, whar the gun boats'll help him out. But he'll nevah git thar, sah, no sah, nevah. He's mouty nigh the end of his rope, sah, and we'll purty soon hev him jist whar you fellows air, sah."

Myself.—"Well, if you fellows intended stopping him, why didn't you do it up about Atlanta? What did you let him come clear through the State, burning and stealing, as you say? It was money in your pockets to head him off as soon as possible."

Old Man—"Oh we didn't set nothing afore him up thar except Joe Brown's pets, these sorry little Reserves; they're powerful little account; no stand-up to 'em at all; they'd break their necks runnin' away of ye so much as bust a cap near to 'em."

Our guards, who belonged to these Reserves, instantly felt that the conversation had progressed farther than was profitable, and one of them spoke up roughly:

"See heah, old man, you must go off; I can't hev ye talkin' to these prisoners; hits agin my awdahs. Go 'way, now!"

The old fellow moved off, but as he did he flung this Parthian arrow.

"When Sherman gits down heah, he'll find somethin' different from the little snots of Reserves he ran over up about Milledgeville: he'll find he's got to fight real soldiers."

We could not help enjoying the rage of the guards, over the low estimate placed upon the fighting ability of themselves and comrades, and as they raved around about what they would do if they were only given an opportunity to go into a line of battle against Sherman, we added fuel to the flames of their anger, by confiding to each other that we always "knew that little Brats whose highest ambition was to murder a defenseless prisoner, could be nothing else than cowards and skulkers in the field."

"Yass—sonnies," said Charlie Burroughs, of the 3d Michigan, in that nasal Yankee drawl, that he always assumed, when he wanted to say anything very cutting, "you—trundle—bed—soldiers—who've—never—seen—a—real—wild—Yankee—don't—know—how—different—they—are—from—the—kind—that—are—starved—down—to—tameness. They're—jest—as—different—as—a—lion—in—a—menagerie—is—from—his—brother—in—the—woods—who—has—a—nigger—every—day—for—dinner. You—fellows—will—go—into—a—circus—tent—and—throw—tobacco—quids—in—the—face—of—the—lion—in—the—cage—when—you—haven't—spunk—enough—to—look—a—woodchuck—in—the—eye—if—you—met—him—alone. It's—lots—o'—fun—to—you—to—shoot—down—a—sick—and—starving—man—in—the—stockade—but—when—you—see—a—Yank—with—a—gun—in—his—hand—your—livers—get so—white—that—chalk—would—make—a—black—mark—on—'em."

A little later, a paper, which some one had gotten hold of, in some mysterious manner, was secretly passed to me. I read it as I could find opportunity and communicated its contents to the rest of the boys. The most important of these was a flaming proclamation by Gov. Joe Brown, setting forth that Gen. Sherman was now traversing the State committing all sorts of depredations, that he had prepared the way for his destruction, and the Governor called upon all good citizens to rise *en masse* and assist in crushing the audacious invader. Bridges must be burned before and behind him, roads obstructed, and every inch of it resolutely disputed.

We enjoyed this. It showed that the Rebels were terribly alarmed, and we began to feel some of that confidence that "Sherman will come out all right," which so marvelously animated all under his command.

CHAPTER LI.

TO CHARLESTON AND FLORENCE.

The train started in a few minutes after the close of the conversation with the old Georgian, and we soon came to and crossed the Savannah River into South Carolina. The river was wide and apparently deep, the tide was setting back in a swift, muddy current; the crazy old bridge creaked and shook, and the grinding axles shrieked in the dry journals, as we pulled across. It looked very much at times as if we were to all crash down into the turbid flood—and we did not care very much if we did, if we were not going to be exchanged.

The road lay through the tide swamp region of South Carolina, a peculiar and interesting country. Though swamps and lens stretched in all directions as far as the eye could reach the landscape was more grateful to the eye than the famine-stricken pine-barrens of Georgia, which had become wearisome to the sight. The soil where it appeared, was rich, vegetation was luxuriant; great clumps of laurel showed glossy richness in the greenness of the verdure, that reminded us of the fresh color of the vegetation of our Northern homes, so different from the parched and impoverished look of Georgian foliage. Immense flocks of wild fowl fluttered around us; the Georgia woods were almost destitute of living creatures; the evergreen live-oak, with its queer festoons of Spanish moss, and the ugly and useless palmettos gave novelty and interest to the view.

The rice swamps through which we were passing were the princely possessions of the few nabobs who before the war stood at the head of South Carolina aristocracy—they were South Carolina, in fact, as absolutely as Louis XIV. was France. In their hands—but a few score in number—was concentrated about all there was of South Carolina education, wealth, culture, and breeding. They represented a pinchbeck imitation of that *regime* in France which was happily swept out of existence by the Revolution, and the destruction of which more than compensated for every drop of blood shed in those terrible days. Like the provincial *grandes seigneurs* of Louis XV.'s reign, they were gay, dissipated and turbulent; "accomplished" in the superficial acquirements that made the "gentleman" 100 years ago; but are grotesquely out of place in this sensible, solid age, which demands that a man shall be of use, and not merely for show; they ran horses and fought cocks, dawdled through society when young, and intrigued in politics the rest of their lives, with frequent spicework of duels. Esteeming personal courage as a supreme human virtue, and never wearying of prating their devotion to the highest standard of intrepidity, they never produced a general who was even mediocre; nor did any one ever hear of a South Carolina regiment gaining distinction. Regarding politics and the art of government as, equally with arms, their natural vocations, they have never given the Nation a statesman, and their greatest politicians achieved eminence by advocating ideas which only attracted attention by their balefulness.

Still further resembling the French *grandes seigneurs* of the 18th century, they relied in wealth wrung from the laborer by reducing the rewards of his toil to the last fraction that would support his life and strength. The rice culture was immensely profitable, because they had found the secret for raising it more cheaply than even the pauper laborer of the old world could. Their lands had cost them nothing originally, the improvements of dikes and ditches were comparatively inexpensive, the taxes were nominal, and their slaves were not as expensive to keep as good horses in the North.

Thousands of the acres along the road belonged to the Rhetts, thousands to the Heywards, thousands to the Manigaults, the Lowndes, the Middletons, the Hugers, the Barnwells, and the Elliotts—all names too well known in the history of our country's sorrows. Occasionally one of their stately mansions could be seen on some distant elevation, surrounded by noble old trees, and superb grounds. Here they lived during the healthy part of the year, but fled from there to Summer resorts in the highlands as the miasmatic season approached.

The people we saw at the stations along our route were melancholy illustrations of the evils of the rule of such an oligarchy. There was no middle class visible anywhere—nothing but the two extremes. A man was either a "gentleman," and wore a white shirt and city-made clothes, or he was a loutish hind, clad in mere apologies for garments. We thought we had found in the Georgia "cracker" the lowest substratum of human society, but he was bright intelligence compared to the South Carolina "clayeater" and "sandhiller." The "cracker" always gave hopes to one that if he had the advantage of common schools, and could be made to understand that laziness was dishonorable, he might develop into something. There was little foundation for such hope in the average low South Carolinian. His mind was a shaking quagmire, which did not admit of the erection of any superstructure of education upon it. The South Carolina guards about us did not know the name of the next town, though they had been raised in that section. They did not know how far it was there, or to any place else, and they did not care to learn. They had no conception of what the war was being waged for, and did not seem to find out; they did not know where their regiment was going, and did not remember where it had been; they could not tell how long they had been in service, nor the time they had enlisted for. They only remembered that sometimes they had had "sorter good times," and sometimes "they had been powerful bad," and they hoped there would be plenty to eat wherever they went, and not too much hard marching. Then they wondered "whar a feller'd be likely to make a raise of a canteen of good whisky."

Bad as the whites were the rice plantation negros were even worse, if that were possible. Brought to the country centuries ago, as brutal savages from Africa, they had learned nothing of Christian civilization, except that it meant endless toil, in malarious swamps, under the lash of the taskmaster. They were, possibly, a little more clothing than their Senegambian ancestors; they ate corn meal, and yams and rice, instead of bananas, yams and rice, as their forefathers did, and they had learned a bastard, almost unintelligible, English. These were the sole blessings acquired by a transfer from a life of freedom in the jungles of the Gold Coast, to one of slavery in the swamps of the Combahee.

I could not then, nor can I now, regret the downfall of a system of society which bore such fruits.

Towards night a distressingly cold breeze, laden with a penetrating mist, set in from the sea, and put an end to future observations by making us too uncomfortable to care for scenery or social conditions. We wanted most to devise a way to keep warm. Andrews and I pulled our overcoat and blanket closely about us, snuggled together so as to make each one's meager body afford the other as much heat as possible, and stood it.

We became fearfully hungry. It will be recollected that we ate the whole of the two day's rations issued to us at Blackshear at once, and we had received nothing since. We reached the sullen, fainting stage of great hunger, and for hours nothing was said by any one, except an occasional bitter execration on Rebels and Rebel practices.

It was late at night when we reached Charleston. The lights of the City, and the apparent warmth and comfort there cheered us up somewhat with the hopes that we might have some share in them. Leaving the train, we were marched some distance through well-lighted streets, in which were many men and women—walking to and fro. There were many stores, apparently stocked with goods, and the people seemed to be going about their business very much as was the custom up North.

At length our head of column made a "right turn," and we marched away from the lighted portion of the City, to a part which I could see through the shadows, was filled with ruins. An almost insupportable odor of gas, escaping I suppose from the ruptured pipes, mingled with the cold rasping air from the sea to make every breath intensely disagreeable.

As I saw the ruins, it flashed upon me that this was the burnt district of the City, and they were putting us under the fire of our own guns. At first I felt much alarmed, but after a little my relish as I had for being shot on general principles, I had much less for being killed by our own men. Then I reflected that if they put me there—and kept me—a guard would have to be placed around us, who would necessarily be in as much danger as we were, and I knew I could stand any fire that a Rebel could.

We were halted in a vacant lot and sat down, only to jump up the next instant as some one shouted:

"There comes one of 'em."

It was a great shell from the Swamp Angel battery. Starting from a point miles away, where seemingly the sky came down to the sea, was a narrow ribbon of fire which slowly unrolled itself against the star-lit sky over our heads. On, on it came, and was apparently following the sky down to the horison behind us. As it reached the zenith there came to our ears a prolonged but not sharp

"Whish—ish—ish—ish—ish."

We watched it breathlessly, and it seemed to be long minutes in running its course; then a thump upon the ground, and a vibration told that it had struck. For a moment there was a dead silence. Then came a loud roar, and the crash of breaking timber and crushing walls. The shell had burst ed.

Ten minutes later another shell followed, with like results. For awhile we forgot all about hunger in the excitement of watching the messengers from "God's country." What happiness to be where these shells came from. Soon a Rebel battery of heavy guns somewhere near and in front of us, waked up, and began answering with dull slow thumps that made the ground shudder. This continued about an hour, when it quieted down again, but our shells kept coming over at regular intervals with the same slow deliberation, the same prolonged warning, and the same dreadful crash when they struck. They had already gone on this way for over a year, and were to keep it up months longer until the City was captured.

The routine was the same from day to day, month in, and month out, from early in August, 1863, to the middle of April, 1865. Every few minutes during the day our folks would hurl a great shell into the beleaguered City, and twice a day, for perhaps an hour each time, the Rebel batteries would talk back. It must have been a lesson to the Charlestonians of the persistent methodical spirit of the North. They prided themselves on the length of the time they were holding out against the enemy, and the papers each day had a column headed

390TH DAY OF THE SIEGE,"

or 391st, 393d, etc., as the number might be since our people opened fire upon the City. The part where we lay was a mass of ruins. Many large buildings had been knocked down, very many more were riddled with shot holes and tottering to their fall. One night a shell passed through a very large building about a quarter of a mile from us. It had already been struck several times, and was shaky. The shell passed through with a deafening crash. Then all was still for an instant. The shell exploded with a dull roar, followed by more crashing of timber and walls. The sound died away and was succeeded by a moment of silence. Then the great building fell, a shapeless heap of ruins, with a noise like that of a dozen field pieces. We wanted to cheer but restrained ourselves. This was the nearest to us that any shell came.

There was only one section of the City in reach of our guns and this was nearly destroyed. Fires had come to complete the work begun by the shells. Outside of the boundaries of this region, the people felt themselves as safe as in one of our Northern Cities to-day. They had an abiding faith that they were clear out of reach of any artillery that we could mount. I learned afterwards from some of the prisoners, who went into Charleston ahead of us, and were camped on the race course outside of the City, that one day our fellows threw a shell clear over the City to this race course. There was an immediate and terrible panic among the citizens. They thought we had mounted some new guns of increased range, and now the whole City must go. But the next shell fell inside the established limits, and those following were equally well-behaved, so that the panic abated. I have never heard any explanation of the matter. It may have been some freak of the gun-squad, trying the effect of an extra charge of powder. Had our people known of its signal effect, they could have depopulated the City in a few hours.

The whole matter impressed me queerly. The only artillery I had ever seen in action were field pieces. They made an ear-splitting crash when they were discharged, and there was likely to be ocasion for trouble for everybody in that neighborhood about that time. I reasoned from this that bigger guns made a proportionally greater amount of noise, and bred an infinitely larger quantity of trouble. Now I was hearing the giants of the world's ordnance, and they were not so impressive as a lively battery of three inch rifles. Their reports did not threaten to shatter everything, but had a dull resonance, something like that produced by striking an empty barrel with a wooden maul. Their shells did not come at one in that wildly ferocious way with which a missile from a six-pounder convinces every fellow in a long line of battle that he is the identical one it is are meant for, but they meandered over in a lazy, leisurely way, as if time was no object and no person would feel put out at having to wait for them. Then, the idea of firing every quarter of an hour for a year—fixing up a job for a life-time, as Andrews expressed it—and of being fired back at for an hour at 9 o'clock every morning and evening; of 50,000 people going on buying and selling, eating, drinking and sleeping, having dances, drives and balls, marrying and giving in marriage, all within a few hundred yards of where the shells were falling—struck me as a most singular method of conducting warfare.

We received no rations until the day after our arrival, and then they were scanty, though fair in quality. We were by this time so hungry and faint that we could hardly move. We did nothing for hours but lie around on the ground and try to forget how famished we were. At the announcement of rations, many acted as if crazy, and it was a l that the Sergeants could do to restrain the impatient mob from tearing the food away and devouring it, when they were trying to divide it out. Very many—perhaps 30—died during the night and morning.

No blame for this is to attach to the Charlestonians. They distinguished themselves from the citizens of every other place in the southern Confederacy where we had been, by making efforts to relieve our condition. They sent quite a quantity of food to us, and the sisters of charity came among us, seeking and ministering to the sick. I believe our experience was the usual one. The prisoners who passed through Charleston before us all spoke very highly of the kindness shown them by the citizens there.

We remained in Charleston but a few days. One night we were marched down to a railroad depot, and put aboard a still more rickety train. When morning came we found ourselves running Northward through a pine barren country that resembled somewhat that in Georgia except that it was short leaved pine, and there was more oak and other hard woods and the vegetation generally assumed a more Northern look. We had been put into close box cars, with guards at the doors and on top. During the night quite a number of the boys, who had fabricated little saws out of case knives and fragments of hoop iron, cut holes through the bottoms of the cars, through which they dropped to the ground and escaped, but were mostly recaptured after several days. There was no hole cut in our car and so Andrews and I staid in.

Just at dusk we came to the insignificant village of Florence, the junction of the road leading from Charleston to Cheraw with that running from Wilmington to Kingsville. It was about 120 miles from Charleston, and the same distance from Wilmington. Here the same train ran through, and the same station, a darkey stood by the track gazing at us curiously. When the train had nearly passed him he started to run up the bank. In the imperfect light, the guards mistook him for one of us who had jumped from the train. They all fired, and the unlucky negro fell, pierced by a score of bullets.

That night we camped in the open field. When morning came, we saw, a few hundred yards from us, a stockade of rough logs, with guards stationed around it. It was another prison pen. They were just bringing the dead out, and two men were tossing the bodies up into the four-horse wagon which hauled them away for burial. The men were going about their business as coolly as if loading slaughtered hogs. One of them would catch the body by the feet, and the other by the arms. They would give it a swing—"One, two, three," and up it would go into the wagon. This filled heaping full with corpses, a negro mounted the wheel horse, grasped the lines, and shouted to his animals:

"Now, walk off on your tails, boys."

The horses strained, the wagon moved, and 40 or 50 gallant Union soldiers—the hope and pride, doubtless, of that many Northern homes, were carted off to nameless graves. This was a part of the daily morning routine.

As we stood looking at the sickeningly familiar architecture of the prison pen, a 7th Indianian near me said, in tones of wearisome disgust:

"Well, this Southern Confederacy is the d—dest country to stand logs on and on God Almighty's footstool."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Congress Points.

Washington National Republican.

James H. Blount, of Georgia, represents 3,192 votes. Omar D. Conger represents 25,290. There is more than that preponderence of sense on Conger's side.

It takes only 11,461 rebel votes to send four ex-rebels to Congress, and it requires 117,429 Union votes, over ten times that number, to send our Union men to Congress. How is that?

The Confederate Gen. Robert Brank Vance, of North Carolina, represents 2,864 votes. The Federal Col. Mark H. Dunnell, represents 32,354 votes. Hardly the difference between the men.

The Confederate Brig. Gen. Phil. Cook, of Georgia, represents 2,628 votes, and the Federal Brig. Gen. Garfield represents 27,867 votes. There is just about that difference between the men.

The Confederate Brig. Gen. William Henry Forney represents 2,747 votes. George M. Robeson represents 31,018. The difference in votes about gauges the difference between the men intellectually.

The Chinese are Going.

San Francisco Post

The Chinese are beginning to crowd into Oregon. One thousand of them landed there last week, and inquiries are being made by agents of the six companies as to the outlook in that State in consequence of our new organic law. Oregon will have to look out sharply or it will be overrun by Chinamen when the new Constitution of this State becomes operative. That is our neighbors' lookout, however. We are determined to have them go somewhere —anywhere out of here.

Workingmen.

Before you begin your heavy Spring work after a Winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague, Bilious or Spring Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much sickness and great expense, if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don't wait See other column.

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